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Diary of the Week.

On Tuesday Lord Lansdowne moved his famous amendment exempting from the operation of the Parliament Bill measures affecting the Crown, and Home Rule Bills, and any others which a Joint Committee pronounced to be "of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country had not been sufficiently ascertained." Unless thus safeguarded, a House of Commons, possibly representing a minority of the electorate, would have the power to deal as it liked with the Crown, the Constitution, and the political liberties of the people. His argument was mainly directed to the necessity of safeguarding the Constitution. Since no formula could be found distinguishing constitutional measures, he could only designate certain issues as such, and for the rest make a general provision of defence. A good deal of his time was given to repudiation of a mandate for Home Rule, and the course of the evening's debate appeared to indicate that most noble lords thought this was the substantial issue they were discussing.

In his reply, Lord Morley, refusing to discuss the composition, condemned the principle of a Committee endowed with "an authority to override the verdict of a General Election"—"an impossible tribunal to decide two impossible questions—what is a

matter of gravity, and whether the opinion of the country has been ascertained." The other two speeches of distinction were delivered by Lord Courtney, who pleaded the cause of the Referendum as a corrector of legislative miscarriages—as in the recent experience of Australia—and by Lord Curzon, who adduced the fact that "a powerful body," the Social Democratic Federation, sought the abolition of the Monarchy, as evidence of the need of a clause protecting the Throne from the House of Commons, and "the cheering crowds in Palace Yard" on the occasion of the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, as proof that "the people" of the country were opposed to Home Rule.

On Wednesday, Tory peers continued to testify to the completeness of their trust in the people at every time except that of a General Election, which was liable to yield "a casual majority," certain to pass measures which "the country did not desire." These pseudo-democrats were assisted in the exposition of their new-found faith by Lord Weardale, a genuine democrat, who engaged in a sharp controversy with Lord Haldane as to the respective merits of direct and representative government. Although the Lansdowne amendment plainly provided that the reserved Bills should, as such, be submitted to the Referendum, Lord Salisbury argued that "nobody desired to submit every detail," and his view was that the "principle" of a Bill (whatever that might mean) should be submitted. After a long oration from Lord Selborne, who stated that the "Referendum had come to stay in British politics," and that if this Bill became law the House of Commons would become "the most unchecked, the most untrammelled authority in the world," the House divided, with the result that 253 voted for the amendment and 46 against.

THE Committee stage of the Insurance Bill opened on Wednesday, Mr. George setting about his difficult task in his most conciliatory tone. A preliminary attempt to sever the two parts of the Bill, and to send the Unemployment part to a Grand Committee for further consideration, was refused upon the ground that financially and otherwise the two insurances were organically related. An amendment from the Labor benches, with the object of including married women in the health benefits, was refused as involving an additional expenditure estimated by the Government to amount to no less than £24,000,000, of which £6,000,000 would come upon the public revenue, though the Chancellor held out a hope that "some time or other it might be desirable to include the whole of the married women within the scheme." Amendments were accepted limiting voluntary insurance to persons with incomes from all sources not exceeding £160, and securing to the jurisdiction of the House extensions of the compulsory provisions to other trades.

MR. SNOWDEN, in an interesting speech in the House of Commons on Thursday, assumed incidentally the rôle of protector of the employer (as Mr. George described him), objecting to the principle of calling upon employers to contribute towards an insurance towards which they had no more obligation than the rest of the

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community, and illustrating the unequal way in which the burden would fall upon employers in different trades according to the proportion of their labor bill to their general expenses and profits. But since Mr. Snowden further argued that the employer could recoup himself by raising prices or economising labor, it does not appear that his hardship is a real one. As Socialist, Mr. Snowden wished to put the whole cost on the State—from his standpoint no doubt a defensible position, though not, as Mr. George remarked, from that of those who had the responsibility of finding the money.

* * *

THE event of the discussion on the Declaration of London was the powerful speech in which Sir Edward Grey argued on Monday that it does, on the whole, improve our position. It is useless to go on reminding ourselves that we have never accepted the right of sinking neutral ships. Russia sank four of our ships in the late war and, to this day, we have failed to obtain satisfaction. The gain from the Declaration is that, even though sinking is in some cases admitted, there is now an International Court to which we can appeal. There, as neutrals, we have gained. As belligerents we have secured the adoption of a rule of blockade with which the Admiralty, a somewhat exigent judge, is satisfied. We should, in war-time, encounter fewer obstacles from neutrals in our efforts to enforce this powerful means of pressure. The case for ratifying the Declaration was clearly made out. It is, in a word, that if we have surrendered some of our extremer doctrines, we have obtained from other Powers, on vital points, a closer approximation to them than ever existed before.

* * *

IN Committee of Supply upon the Shipbuilding Vote Mr. Lee and Lord Charles Beresford as usual led their leader into a demand for more expenditure. Mr. Lee had private information of the intention of Continental Powers to convert numbers of their merchantmen into cruisers, and complained that whereas a few years ago we had seven times as many cruisers as Germany, our superiority was now not so overwhelming. Lord Charles gaily invited the Government to lay down sixty new ships "for the protection of our commerce," while Mr. Balfour believed that we were deficient in supply of "secondary armaments," and sought once more to warm up the embers of the panic about the relative strength of navies in 1914, when, as he contended, "there will be no substantial superiority on the part of this country" over the combined strength of the central European Powers. In his reply Mr. McKenna rightly ignored the general question, contenting himself and the House with proving that we had enough cruisers to deal with all present dangers and were making adequate preparations for the future.

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THE strike of sailors and firemen at Liverpool, Cardiff, and other ports has, for the most part, been settled by considerable concessions of wages to the men. Unfortunately, the trouble has spread to other connected trades. Last week Mr. Askwith settled, after some difficulties, a turbulent strike of dock laborers at Hull. This week he is called upon to deal with a still more serious disturbance in Manchester, where dockers and carters, thrown out by the seamen's action, continued the strike upon their own account. On Tuesday and Wednesday the carrying

trade from stations and canal was virtually stopped by gangs of rioters, mostly the hooligans who always gather round for mischief on such occasions, and the local police were insufficient to keep public order, having to be reinforced by police from other towns. Troops were requisitioned from York; but, as we write, the disorder is abated, though the stoppage of traffic is causing grave inconvenience, and has already affected the cotton and other trades, throwing out of work many men. The "Westminster Gazette" on Thursday contained an interesting article, explaining the wage question and other grievances which underlay the seamen's agitation.

* * *

ON Saturday last the German representatives abroad were instructed to announce that the German gunboat "Panther," to which the cruiser "Berlin" has since been added, had been sent to protect German subjects at the Moroccan port of Agadir. It was explained that "a certain ferment" was observable among the natives, and the pledge was given that the vessel would be recalled "when order has been restored in Morocco"—a phrase which appears to refer to something beyond the local situation at Agadir. In reply to M. de Selves, the German Ambassador in Paris explained that he was reporting an accomplished fact and not a mere intention. Regarding the local situation, nothing is known to confirm the German fears. It is positively declared in Paris that there is not a single German resident in Agadir, though there may be some native protégées and some native agents (usually local Jews) of the firms which are seeking concessions for copper mines in the Atlas. Semi-official German statements add that this manoeuvre is designed to serve as "a conversational opening" for discussions with France and Spain regarding the future of Morocco. Agadir, it should be added, is an eligible port, but is not "open" by treaty. Official explanations declare that German trade with Southern Morocco has much increased of late, though it is naively added that the statistics conceal the real facts. Actually, Germans control only nine per cent. of the whole trade of Morocco, as against seventy-five per cent. which belongs in almost equal shares to France and Great Britain.

* * *

FRENCH opinion has received this highly provocative move with surprise and displeasure, but with marked restraint. There has been none of the outspoken anger which greeted the recent aggression of Spain, a feeble military Power. The President and the newly-installed Foreign Minister have gone to Amsterdam on a visit of ceremony, and the French reply will not be delivered before Monday. Mr. Asquith's brief statement on Thursday afternoon, to the effect that we shall observe our obligations to France, rather emphasises the gravity of the crisis. "A new situation has arisen, and it is possible that its future development may affect British interests more directly than has hitherto been the case." Spain expresses high satisfaction at the German move, which finds her intensely irritated against France. Austrian diplomacy has received it very coolly, and is apparently no longer disposed to play the rôle of a "brilliant second on the duelling ground." Russia is expected to back France.

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THERE is no improvement to report in the Albanian crisis. The insurgent chiefs resolutely refuse to accept the vague assurances of the Turks, and point out that

from the new régime they have received nothing but treachery. Whatever their faults may be, Albanians have a scrupulous, if primitive, code of honor, and do not accept the bad faith of the Turks, as other races might do, as a matter of course. It is fairly obvious that the Turks only aim at disarming the rebels in order to carry out their scheme of "planting" the country with Moslem emigrants. Unless the Turks will condescend to associate with their promises some neutral persons whom the Albanians can trust, the truce, such as it is, cannot long continue. There are now two new facts. An Albanian "intellectual," a certain Dr. Bessim (presumably a Mohammedan), has raised the flag of a national revolt at Koritza, in the South, and taken to the hills to pursue a programme of guerilla warfare. Koritza is the most civilised of the Albanian towns, and, though it has no railway and no European residents, is, in fact, a more progressive and less Turkish town than Monastir or Uskub. The Turks seem much disturbed by this move, which will be serious if Dr. Bessim should be accepted as a leader by the splendid mountaineers of the Pindus.

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THE second new fact is the announcement that King Nicholas has called out the Montenegrin reserves in the Podgoritza district, and from the date of the expiry of the truce will hold the passes. Subsequent news makes the date of the mobilisation uncertain; but, clearly, it is only some signal of this kind that is required in order to set foreign intervention in motion. It is believed that Austria, Russia, and Italy are now in substantial agreement, and are prepared to prevent an outbreak of war between Turkey and Montenegro. War must follow if General Torgut Shefket were to carry out his threats of violating the frontier. Meanwhile, there have appeared, both in the "Times" and the "Manchester Guardian," first-hand accounts from reliable English witnesses who have seen the deliberate burning and devastation of all the Catholic villages and houses of the revolted tribes by the Turkish regulars and Bashi-Bazouks. Sir Edward Grey has properly associated himself with the protests of other Powers, and the Balkan Committee, which hitherto has staunchly defended the Young Turks against the criticisms of the "Times" and the Embassy circle, warns them that they will still further alienate English sympathy if these outrages continue. It would be an affectation to pretend that much if anything of the warm sympathy with which the Turkish revolution was greeted now survives.

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THE interesting fact about the Investiture of the Prince of Wales is that it takes place at Carnarvon. Since the day that the Edward who was born at Carnarvon was invested with the insignia of the Principality, in a Parliament held at Lincoln, there have been a good many of these investitures, though in modern times they have been dropped. But these investitures have always taken place in England, and generally in Westminster Abbey. Never since Wales lost its last shreds of independence in the thirteenth century has the Principality witnessed such a ceremony. The forms to be used are those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but a genuine Nationalist note will be added to a medieval function when Welsh song and Welsh cheers ratify the inauguration of the Prince. Shallow critics always insist that old customs fare ill under Liberalism. The fact remains that Toryism allowed an ancient custom like the Investiture of the Principality

of Wales to die out, and that Liberalism has restored it in a form "to be understood of the people."

* * *

MR. NOEL BUXTON, and several of his legal colleagues, who drew the attention of the Foreign Office to the case of Miss Malecka, have written to the "Times" to emphasise their dissatisfaction with the official attitude. The facts are sufficiently clear. Miss Malecka is the daughter of a Polish refugee (a Catholic), who became a British naturalised subject (a Protestant), and an English mother. She was born and educated in this country, and is, by English law, indisputably a British subject, and went to Warsaw with a British passport. The grounds on which Russia claims her as a Russian subject are not at all obvious. It is true that by a barbarous law of intolerance, marriages between persons of diverse confessions are, in Russia, invalid. But if that rule held, Miss Malecka's only legal parent would be her English mother. Whether, as her friends say, she went to Warsaw to study music, or whether, as the Russian police contend, she is a conspirator, we do not know. The only fact which concerns us is that she has been three months in prison, untried and uncharged, in a city whose police make a practice of torture. It is incomprehensible that the Foreign Office, after adopting the view that she is a British subject, should now consent to leave the question open. If there is really any issue of law at stake, there are international courts to try it. Meanwhile, it is the clear duty of the Foreign Office to insist on a definite charge and a fair and public trial, and, failing this, on her release.

* * *

M. JUSSERAND, French Ambassador at Washington, and one of the greatest foreign masters of our language and literature, delivered the Warton lecture on Shakespeare before the British Academy last Wednesday, discussing in their application to the dramatist some of those great issues of the relation of art to morals which a scholarly Frenchman always poses with freshness and lucidity before an English audience. Shakespeare was not a definitely moral teacher or a mere master of the revels. "The Greek idea of a compelling fate against which intention is vain is shown in a Hamlet, an Ophelia, a Desdemona, and an Othello. The story was undoubtedly written without any moral purpose, but not without any moral effect." As to art for art's sake, "We wanted the poet, the musician, the artist to touch us with his wand, and to say to us 'Look!' Then we saw and admired what we had looked at a hundred times before and had never seen, owing to our 'muddy vesture of decay.'"

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THE Civil List just published contains some interesting names, and indicates a really serviceable discrimination, especially of literary merit. Everyone should be glad to see in it the name of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who has done so much for the literary interpretation of the Irish spirit. Mr. Joseph Conrad, Hungarian by birth, ranks among our first writers of prose fiction, and it is strange that he should not have won the width of public recognition which in his field of literature generally brings ample pecuniary reward. Among the other names we find that of Mr. W. H. Davies, known as the "Tramp Poet," some of whose verses will be familiar to readers of THE NATION. Mr. Thomas Kirkup, one of the most learned and judicious writers upon Socialism and kindred topics, has well deserved the recognition here accorded to his work.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LORDS IN THE LAST DITCH.

It is difficult to find in the debate on Lord Lansdowne's amendment the note of desperate defiance which its form conveys. The trail of unreality lay over it. The Lords, one and all, are well aware that the Government Bill, unamended, will pass into law. The rumor of another General Election has been called off by the Tory journalists who, a fortnight ago, set it running. No one of balanced judgment seriously believes that Mr. Asquith does not possess the power to enforce the will of the nation expressed last December, or that he would, if the emergency arose, refrain from using it. Nor has the past career of the Lords displayed such consistency as to permit us to assume that their madness of two years ago will be repeated now. Indeed, the very audacity of Lord Lansdowne's amendment discloses his knowledge that the game is up. For otherwise it is incredible that he should have claimed for the Joint Committee the right to submit to a referendum any issue which they liked, with the exception of the single issue, if any there might be, on which both parties could agree in thinking that the last General Election had been fought. The course which the debate took showed plainly enough that the matter which really was astir in the hearts of most noble lords was not the Veto Bill but Home Rule. "The Irish Bill," as Lord Faber put it, "was really the *crux* of the question they were considering." If, then, the Opposition entertained the faintest hope of diverting the course of the Government or of modifying it in any sensible degree, they would have had the tact to confine themselves to a demand that constitutional issues only should be submitted to a referendum. For by thus confining their demand, they might at least have used with some effect the argument from foreign precedents, as well as the more abstract reasoning, by which the claim that the consent of the people should be expressly obtained for fundamental changes in the instrument of government can be plausibly sustained. Lord Lansdowne, indeed, feebly pleaded that no "formula" could be devised for distinguishing constitutional from other issues, and that this compelled him to assert the wider claim. But had he thought it worth while, he could have argued in favor of entrusting to his "impartial and independent" committee this task of discriminating constitutional measures. This would evidently have been their best method of opposing Home Rule, had they thought any opposition could be made effective. For though the Government could not in any case have accepted such a limit to the powers of Parliament, their refusal might then, at least with some degree of speciousness, have been represented as due to the compact with Mr. Redmond and not to any groundwork of political principle.

But the audacity and extravagance of the actual demand gave Lord Morley and Lord Haldane an easy task. They had no need seriously to discuss the composition or qualities of the Joint Committee to be set over the elected representatives. For Lord Lansdowne did not even deign to give either size or substance to the Joint Committee. Any sort of

thing would do, provided it were "impartial and independent." The meaning of these two terms to those familiar with the attitude of the Lords is clear. They admirably describe the detached state of mind of, shall we say, Lord Rosebery and Lord Cromer. Lord Morley appropriately designated this Committee as "an impossible tribunal to decide two impossible questions—What is a matter of great gravity, and whether the opinion of the country had been ascertained." But though no fair or reasonable answer could be given to such questions, no reader of the debate can doubt the sort of answer which a Committee moulded on either the plan of Lord Cromer or of Lord St. Aldwyn might be expected to give. The principle of representative government, in its operation through a general election, affords no clear means of ascertaining the opinion of the country upon the several measures which constitute a party policy. In some elections, indeed, so great a predominance is accorded by both parties to some single issue as to constitute an effective mandate on that issue. But in all other issues, however prominently they might have figured before the electorate, the Joint Committee would be almost compelled to deny that any really valid and clear opinion had been registered. So each fresh House of Commons would be accorded only one bite at legislation; its further measures would all be liable to be submitted by the Joint Committee to a special reference. Nay, Lord Selborne went even further, for his denial that the present Parliament Bill had the approval of the electorate, never having been presented to them in its present form, would render a General Election incapable of conferring even a mandate for a single measure. Indeed, it is difficult to understand what serious function would remain for a House of Commons under Joint Committee rule, or why the electorate should be invited to constitute such a House, seeing that the logic of this new Conservatism would require each separate measure of "great gravity" to be put to it for a separate vote. Why not save the trouble of convincing either House, and allow the Joint Committee of thought-reading sages to draft whatever measures it thinks the public wants, and submit them to a public vote?

In what sort of a world do Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour think they are living, when they endeavor to sweep back the tide of democracy with such brooms as these? How do they suppose but that any sane Englishman, having before his mind the plain, continuous record of their legicidal past, will believe in the sudden conversion of the Lords to the habitual and general use of this extremest form of direct popular self-government? There was something really comical in the rejoicing of Lord Selborne over the tardy and reluctant conversion of Lord Curzon to democracy, and in his naïve admission that "there were still many noble Lords who did not like it." We should think so. Is there any single indication that, prior to Mr. Balfour's famous election speech, any leading Conservative in this country even expressed the faintest desire to supersede Parliamentary Government by a trust in the people so detailed and so indiscriminate as this? Everyone is, of course, aware that this momentous proposal was nothing more than a

hasty card thrown down in a heated party game on the chance that it might "turn up trumps." And history will adduce it as the most convincing evidence of the complete breakdown of principle and of continuity of policy in the great Conservative party that they should have rallied, as they have, to cheer this gambler's *coup*. These Lords do not believe in the ability of the rank and file of the Electorate to decide wisely either upon the principles or the text of a legislative proposal. They do not believe that the people are wiser than their representatives. There are Radicals in this, as in other countries, who genuinely hold these tenets of direct democracy. One or two of them courageously expressed their faith during the debate. But it would be safe to say that of the 253 Peers who voted for direct legislation by the people last Wednesday night, not ten regard it in any other light than as a good electioneering cry to use against Home Rule. Some of them doubtless think that most Liberal legislation can be made unpopular with the electorate when taken piece-meal, and now that vital interests of property are more and more at stake in politics, they look to managing the people better than they can be sure of managing their representatives. Perhaps they may be right, perhaps wrong. But, at any rate, the time has not come to consider the question of inviting the people to assume the direct and particular responsibility for those acts of government which, conformably with our traditions, they have hitherto entrusted to their elected representatives. The people of this country are quite contented with the present form of representative government, only requiring that their will thus expressed shall be made effective without ultimate frustration or great delay. They do not ask for more voting or for the responsibility of settling disputed issues in Parliament. They do ask that the men they have elected shall be able to do the work they have been sent to do. With this practical end in view, they have sent the present Parliament with instructions to clear away the obstacles put in their way by the obstinacy and self-interest of the aristocracy. This done, the people are very mildly interested in the constitutional sequelæ, whether of electoral reform in the Commons or of a reconstruction of the Second Chamber. But upon the essential matter there is no popular hesitancy and no lack of enthusiasm. The Lords will have to swallow the rejection of their amendments by the Commons, or to undergo the treatment known as "the water cure," a copious flooding which will, in the end, bring them to their senses.

A CONVERSATIONAL OPENING.

WE have often wondered whether there lies in the secret drawers of the Embassy desks a manual, privately printed, on signed and numbered copies, of the diplomatic art. If there is such a book, there must be somewhere in the earlier pages of its more technical section an important chapter on conversational openings. One supposes that they have been catalogued and named after famous practitioners, like the initial moves in chess. One can imagine some of the later and less orthodox additions to the list. There is the famous Chamberlain Opening which begins with a violent speech at a garden party on

the Minister's own lawn. There is the celebrated Russian Opening, which consists in sending to the Press before you have spoken an exaggerated summary of what you would have liked to say, if you had been brave enough to say it. There is the much-admired French Opening, which begins with an operation on the Bourse. But to this list it is, we think, the German exponents of the art who have of late contributed most copiously. There is the Kaiser Opening (telegraphic) and the Kaiser Opening (oratorical). And now, most interesting and curious of all, comes a dazzling and novel manœuvre which might be described, according to taste, as the Panther Spring, the Gunboat Opening, the Atlantic Gambit, or, in the plain prose of catalogues, Morocco No. 3. You send a gunboat to a distant spot by way of concentrating the thoughts of yourself and other parties to the game. It serves to localise discussion and to give actuality to talk. When the gunboat has arrived, you despatch a cruiser in its wake. The next step is to announce that you intend by this symbolism to indicate your desire to initiate a conversation.

The method is as yet so novel that we cannot pretend to foresee the next move in the game. There was nothing dubious or uncertain about the French and Spanish manœuvres which preceded this German act. France, having told an improbable tale about the dangers and alarms of Fez, marched there overland and settled down with a large and well-equipped force in the central region and the main routes of the Moroccan Empire. Spain, with a burlesqued travesty of the French excuse, has settled down, with an intention no less deliberate, to occupy the coast districts round Larache. It is too soon to say whether Germany proposes to take steps so decided as these. She has, in the fertile Southern province watered by the Sus region, and on the Southern slopes of the Atlas, a number of subjects and protégés who are engaged in attempting to realise the somewhat shadowy concessions granted to the Mannesmann group by the present Sultan while he was fighting for his throne. No one need doubt that these German subjects desire by the usual procedure in use by Europeans in their dealings with a corrupt administration and unsophisticated tribes to acquire great tracts of land, and to "develop" valuable "propositions" in the mineral wealth of the Atlas. It seems that the local authorities, whether from patriotism or with a view to blackmail, have used their treaty rights to veto the acquisition of these lands. Such conduct in the consecrated language of diplomacy is duly stigmatised as "fanatical unrest" or "intolerable anarchy." To "protect" the concessionaires, the gunboat "Panther" has gone to Agadir, and a cruiser has followed in her wake. So long as these vessels ride passively in the roadstead, there is as yet no international incident. Their presence is no more than a mark of interrogation on the horizon. But precedent suggests the possibility that some local event will demand a landing, that a landing may lead to a bombardment, a bombardment to a punitive expedition, and the whole series of events to the presentation of a bill which will enable Germany to rank among the creditors who "protect" Morocco and guarantee her independence.

and integrity. It may want only the flash of a knife or the report of a gun to make of Agadir a German Casablanca. There is no point of the globe at which German subjects could so conveniently have incurred personal danger and located native anarchy. The port, it is thought, has possibilities which the "Admiral of the Atlantic" has studied for some years past, and might well provide the naval station which the extremest exponents of World-Policy have thought to be essential for the consolidation of German influence in the Brazils.

It would be amusing, if it were not pitiable, to note the contrast in the demeanor of French "colonial" opinion towards the German and Spanish aggressions. Spain has, after all, a status in Morocco; Germany has none. Yet the Spanish aggression was received with vehement and unrestrained anger, which uttered itself in threats and protests. The German aggression has barely caused a perceptible excitement. The same newspapers which gave vent to a shrill chorus against Spain have assumed in this crisis the affectation of a dignified reticence, a disciplined calm. Still more interesting is the suggestion which runs through some of the French commentaries that this German move is one which concerns British interests even more directly than French. We are unable, for our part, to see that any real British interest is in any degree menaced. We have entered into an arrangement with France, and in the second line with Spain, which can only mean, in the end, the partition of Morocco under one disguise or another between these two Powers. We discounted this possibility while our trade was still much the most considerable of any foreign commerce with Morocco. It cannot greatly affect us, if, in the end, the partition should prove to be tripartite. Our trade would penetrate as easily or as hardly into a zone "protected" by Germany as into a zone protected by France. Nor, even on the extreme assumption of an inevitable naval rivalry between ourselves and the Germans, is it obvious that the acquisition of a port on the North African coast, which might serve the German fleet as a base, would, in any way, make for our disadvantage. On the contrary, it would mean that in some degree our rival had scattered his forces, and added to those distant possessions which, in an emergency, he would be unable to defend.

The probabilities are, we think, that the conversations opened by this highly conversational move will progress towards some conclusion of compromise without overmuch disturbance of the international balance. A conversation on the whole position of Morocco must disclose an attitude on the part of our ally which neither law nor equity can defend. The Act of Algeçiras gave her certain specific rights of police in the coast towns, and some vaguer privileges of influence over the whole conduct of the Moroccan Empire. But nothing in that Act can be construed to justify her permanent occupation of the Shawia country, or her march on Fez. She has exceeded her mandate and violated international usage and good faith as flagrantly as did Austria by her annexation of Bosnia. Spain's intervention is no less wanton, though Spain can allege that she did but follow the French example. Graver even than these overt acts is the revelation which has come simultaneously from Paris

and Madrid, that these two Powers, at the very period when they were pledging themselves to Europe in the Act of Algeçiras to respect the integrity of Morocco, were arranging between themselves for the partition of the country. Such conduct is, perhaps, the normal behavior of all Powers which engage in a financial adventure under a show of philanthropy and duty. The Germans are not likely to affect any hypocritical moral indignation. But they have a perfect right to say that France has violated in the letter and the spirit the Act of Algeçiras which was her engagement to them. They have a perfect right to demand a new and more honest arrangement. It may suit them to condone the past and discount the future in return for some adequate compensation. They may elect to demand that compensation at the expense of Morocco in the shape of a zone of influence, or at the cost of some even more innocent dying nation in some other region of the world. The French must have foreseen that this demand would one day be presented, and they have presumably reckoned the price which they can afford to pay. The bargain might, perhaps, have been struck by some procedure that would have ruffled fewer susceptibilities, and left behind it a more genial impression of German methods. The motives of this too dramatic opening are doubtless to be sought in the exigencies of German electioneering. The crisis, one suspects, will develop just so much of excitement and of risk and will last just so long as the development of a little anti-Socialist Hurrah-Patriotism may demand. There, perhaps, lies its one danger, for we suspect that a device so artificial will fail to rouse at once a spontaneous wave of fervor. The German proletariat is but little interested in the future of the Mannesmann mines.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF EMPLOYERS.

THE possessing classes seek to defend themselves by two conflicting arguments against the endeavors of modern statesmen to make them contribute more largely to the upkeep of the State and the improvement of social conditions. Their first impulse prompts them to protest against the injustice of a "predatory finance," which takes money from the wealthy and efficient members of society in order to endow the poor and inefficient. The assumption here is that the burdens of the income-tax, the land taxes, and such special interests as Employers' Liability and the proposed insurance contribution, will rest upon the shoulders of the possessing and employing classes, reducing rents, dividends, and profits. But reflection leads some business men to perceive that the electorate, the vast majority of whom are working men, are not likely to be alarmed by the diminution of what seem to them unnecessarily large incomes. Hence vogue is given to the more tactical line of defence which Mr. Arthur Chamberlain set forth a few days ago in a singularly outspoken speech at the annual meeting of the Birmingham Trust. Why should employers worry themselves about such taxes as the contribution under the Insurance Bill? The employer would not bear it; he would simply and

speedily pass it on to the consumer. "Wealth," said Mr. Chamberlain, "is busily engaged in removing the burden of income-tax that has been lately added, on to the shoulders of the consumers—the people who use wealth." "As soon as he can see what it is, and get it on to his accounts as an additional payment out of pocket, so soon it goes to head-charges, and is put on the consumer." "Wealth," he adds, "at present can get practically its own terms." A quite plausible support is given to this economic generalisation by reference to the larger incomes got from dividends and profits, and to the rise of prices of commodities during recent years. In this country, as also in the United States and Germany, all the evidence appears to show that the incomes of the well-to-do classes are growing fast, while those of the workers are virtually stationary, the rise of money wages being at least counteracted by the rise of prices. This truth comes home to the workers in a growing discontent as they compare the luxury that flaunts itself in every public place with their narrow and precarious livelihood. The beginnings of education and of widening intelligence make them chafe more consciously against the limits of their lot, and generate a riot of the blood which shows itself in the recent labor disturbances in the engineering centres of the North, in the South Wales coal-fields, and now in the sea-ports. Such a scene as Manchester has witnessed this week, with street plundering and pitched battles with the police, has been almost unknown in the annals of the modern labor movement, and demands, not merely a firm hand, but a reflective brain to deal with what it indicates. The working-classes, here as elsewhere, either think or feel that they are not getting a fair share of the wealth, the opportunities, and possibilities of modern civilisation. Where they merely feel this, they break out in violent but impotent revolt; where they also think it, they organise for political redress. But the present trouble in the labor world is evidently due, in part, to new doubts about the efficacy of organisation. The workers are the vast majority; they have the vote, they form trade unions, and co-operate in various ways, but little seems to come of it, and the more fiery spirits incline to sporadic violence.

If Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's economics were generally correct, it would explain, though it would not justify, such desperate methods. If it were true that, "Wealth at present can get practically its own terms," passing to the working-class consumer all the burdens which Mr. George and other social reformers put upon it, we should be nearer to an active revolution than we care to think. But is it true? To take the test afforded by the Insurance Bill, will the employers be able to shift their share of the cost on to the consumer through a rise of selling prices? Though no answer can be given in quite general terms to any question of the incidence of taxation, it may safely be asserted that no such power is actually possessed by "wealth." There is no reason to hold that the financial policy of the Insurance Bill will result even in a small general rise of prices. In the first place, it must not be forgotten, as Mr. George has pointed out, that such in-

surance contributes towards increased efficiency of labor, partly by improved preventive and curative methods, partly by its provision against family poverty during the disablement or unemployment of the worker, and partly by a diminution of the nervous waste of anxiety. So far as this improved efficiency is realised, it means an increased productivity which itself may suffice to pay the costs of the insurance policy.

But if this effect be deemed too hypothetical or too distant, and some burden still remains for employer and for wage-earner to bear, there is no reason to hold that the former has, save in exceptional cases, any power to shift his share on to the consumer, or that, in fact, he will do so. It is notorious that the great growth of the wealth of the investing and employing classes is attributable to the substitution of combination for free competition over a great many fields of capitalistic industry. Though the extreme apex of combinatory power, the Trust, is a rare exception in this country, our staple manufacturing industries, our great transport trades, wholesale commerce, banking, insurance, and other forms of private enterprise are full of checks upon free competition in the shape of combines, pools, conferences, price lists, &c., all of which mean high selling prices and profits above the minimum required to evoke the use of capital and managing ability. The great bulk of the capital in such industries is so far safeguarded from cut-throat competition as to earn a rate of profit containing some considerable element of surplus. Now, a tax imposed on this surplus will lie, as it lies upon the economic rent of land. Employers in such a case will not be able to raise prices to consumers so as to shift this tax, for they had already fixed prices so as to yield them the largest margin of profit which the trade would bear. No doubt there will be a few instances where employers, whose methods had been lax before, may be induced by this new demand upon their profits to raise their prices to a slightly higher level. So a landlord who has neglected to use his full renting power may sometimes raise his rents so as to throw upon his tenants a new rate. But such cases are abnormal. In general, a tax on rents or upon surplus profits cannot so be shifted.

Even in trades where dividends and profits are kept very low by competition, it does not follow that employers will shift the burden on to the consumer. The effect of such a rise of price is always doubtful; it may cause a large shrinkage of demand, or let in some foreign goods. The first result is to stimulate some economy of technique or organisation. The insurance contribution will doubtless accelerate the conquest of machinery and the organised factory over hand work and small workshops in certain low-grade industries, co-operating with the wage-board policy to stamp out sweating.

If it were true that not merely the contributions of employers towards sick and unemployed insurance, but all new increments of income-tax and other State burdens could be shifted on to the consumer, who in nine cases out of ten is a worker, social reformers might well be driven to despair. For no one could reasonably defend a policy which supplied expensive schemes of education, insurance, and other higher goods to the workers, by means of public expenditure, which in the

last resort meant reduced supplies of food, clothing, and other physical necessities of life to these same workers. Such a policy would stand self-condemned as cruel and wasteful. The social reforms upon which we are embarking are only defensible on the assumption that "wealth," which waxes so abundant and enjoys so much from the industrial efficiency of the nation, can and shall be made to contribute to the protection and enhancement of that national efficiency. That assumption we consider to be sound. Wealth cannot shed its burdens. It can afford to bear them, and should be made to do so.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

A WHITE PAPER of "Correspondence relating to the Masai," just published, tells a story of unusual interest.

When the first British settlers arrived in the interior of the country which great European diplomats had decided to be British East Africa, they naturally desired that the ownership of the more valuable land should be in the hands of persons who would put it to the greatest economic use. It was intolerable that rich pastures, which might also be turned most profitably into arable land, should be left to lie idle because at intervals a tribe of savage nomads were accustomed to graze their herds there.

Unfortunately, the necessity of such a change did not strike the Masai as clearly as it did the representatives of the British Government. Scarcely a generation ago they were the most powerful tribe in this part of Africa, and went at will over a large tract of territory. The advent of the British Protectorate necessarily involved the passing of this old order, and the Paramount Chief, Lenana, a son of their former great medicine-man and ruler, recognised this, and succeeded in preventing his people from opposing the British rule or from harrying their neighbors, as in the days of old. But the Masai were still a proud race of savages, and they had the misfortune to be rich. They would not hire themselves out to serve the white man, or learn his way: they loved their old barbarous rites, and were content with their nomad life, living in wattle huts, from which they moved from time to time to other quarters when their old pastures were exhausted or became foul, and returning at an interval of years to their old grounds.

Two alternative policies could be taken by the British Government in dealing as generously as our duty to business permitted with the claims of these previous occupants of our new territory: either definite tracts of land could be set apart as native reserves into which no settlers should be allowed to come, or an attempt might be made to intersperse the Masai with groups of colonists, gradually educating them to leave their exclusively pastoral life and form settled communities of their own. The latter alternative was the definite policy of Sir Charles Eliot, under whose Commissionership the first considerable settlement of Europeans in this part of British East Africa took place.

Sir C. Eliot "was of opinion," we are here told, "that the Masai took up a good deal more room than

was absolutely necessary for their own use," and he hoped by introducing colonists amongst them to induce them to emulate them and "become, at least partially, cultivators of the soil, or servants of those who were developing the resources of the country." But "the scheme fell through, principally because the Foreign Office, on the one hand, and Sir C. Eliot, on the other, made lavish grants of Masai territory without consulting one another." Sir Charles Eliot finally left his office in consequence of his strenuous opposition to the granting of large territory by the Foreign Office to certain concessionaires. His successor, Sir Donald Stewart, adopted the alternative policy of native reserves, and persuaded a number of the Masai elders and their Paramount Chief, Lenana, to give up their rich pastures in the Rift Valley and beside the railway, taking in exchange the high-lying Laikipia territory lying on the North of the railway line and apart from the main territory occupied by the tribe. To preserve their tribal unity, they were to keep a tract on Mount Kinopop on which to perform their ancestral ceremonies, and also a road, half-a-mile in width, joining the two reserves, including access to water, giving them means to move their cattle from one reserve to the other. In August, 1904, this solemn agreement was signed by a group of these chiefs and by Sir Donald Stewart; in it the chiefs stipulated that the settlement "shall be enduring as long as the Masai as a race shall exist, and that European or other settlers shall not be allowed to take up land in the settlements." This document was solemnly witnessed by five high Government officials. Less than seven years have passed, and, after a prolonged struggle between the present Governor and the Colonial Office, the settlers and the Governor have attained their object, and the agreement which was to last as long as the Masai existed as a race has been abrogated. In a despatch of June 2nd, 1911, the abrogation was formally approved by the Colonial Secretary, "the representatives of the Northern Masai" having "expressed a unanimous desire to move to an extended Southern reserve." The process by which this result has been achieved can, to some extent, be traced in the correspondence now printed.

The correspondence, however, scarcely alludes to the demands made by the white settlers for the valuable Northern land of the Masai, nor does it say whether one of the inducements to the native chiefs to the strange change of view which the documents record, was a threatened tax upon their cattle, their one possession with which they are too well provided. Perhaps the most effective commentary on what has happened is furnished by Sir Donald Stewart's note to the Foreign Secretary, in 1904: "The Laikipia lands are well known to the Masai, and will suit them well. They are a good long way from the railway, and not tempting to the present settler, though in the future it is quite possible that, when the Masai have grazed down the grass and got it sweet, envious eyes will again be cast on their lands, and so I cannot express too strongly to your lordship the absolute necessity of making these Laikipia lands an absolute native reserve for the Masai."

An absolute native reserve they became, for a little

less than seven years. The only guarantee was the honor of the British Government, and was it right that sentimental considerations should stand permanently in the way of the development of the country? After all, though the heavens fall, business must be done.

It only remains to note the reasons given for the change. The first definite official attempt to move the Masai was, apparently, made in 1910. The Governor, Sir Percy Girouard, pleads in a despatch to Lord Crewe that his hand had been forced by the action of the Paramount Chief, who desired to concentrate the tribe, in consequence of difficulties in celebrating their circumcision ceremonies, which take place once in every four years.

Lord Crewe promptly telegraphed, ordering action to be suspended, the Governor replying: "Large number already moved, acting on orders from Lenana. Quarantine will prevent any return. Do I rightly understand that you wish me inform Paramount Chief we will not support him?" But Lord Crewe stood firm, and wired his refusal.

After this check events follow quickly. Thereupon the Governor mentions, in a long telegram justifying his policy, the fact that "we have failed in our treaty guarantees of access," and consequently future communications between the two sections of the Masai must be prevented. The half-mile road had, in fact, never been made. Lord Crewe demands an explanation, and the interests of settlers along the line of the road, and the need of quarantine, are pointed out. The Governor, at the same time, makes the new proposal that the Masai reserve should be put in the hands of private trustees, "say, two bishops and the Secretary of Native Affairs; policy of formal treaty prevents civilisation; missionaries entirely with me in this." Again, Lord Crewe refuses, holding that the Government are the best trustees for the natives. The Governor has accumulated evidence that the transfer of the Masai is desirable in their own interest, to satisfy their chief's wish, in the cause of civilisation, morality, and religion. Their flocks multiply, and they have not adequate water supply (they have been refused permission to seek it outside their reserve, as in former years). It is true that the water supply in the proposed reserve is also inadequate, but the Government can find money for irrigation works there (and being low-lying, largely unexplored country, the settlers do not need it so much).

Finally, the formal agreement is obtained, the chiefs protesting again and again in the Governor's presence that their action is quite voluntary. Possibly even they protested a little too much. Lord Crewe has left the Colonial Office; the Governor has been home and interviewed the Colonial Secretary. Once again events press. The Paramount Chief has died and his death-bed wish is invoked on behalf of the change. The Colonial Office hesitates, the urgent need is pointed out, and at length the transfer is approved and the new agreement ratified. It is only necessary to add that the agreement with regard to the new reserve very properly makes no promise of perpetual rights to the natives; the Government simply undertaking "not to lease or grant any land within the said areas (except such land as may be required for mining purposes or for any

public purpose) without the sanction of the Paramount Chief and the representatives of the Masai tribe."

It will be seen that the future needs of advancing civilisation have been thus amply provided for without danger of raising any further scandal.

A LORD FROM THE PEOPLE.

By M.P.

IN the Lords—July 4th, 10 p.m.—A rough, ugly man, with upward bristling eyebrows and moustache, and fierce projecting underjaw, on his feet in the gilded Chamber, to speak for Catholic Ireland, Celtic Ireland. Not a great debater, too dependent on his copious manuscript, nervous too, the hand behind him shaking as he stood there—at bay. For my Lords resented this apparition; treated it with a buzz of voices, engaged in ostentatious conversation. They laughed too (like the suitors in the *Odyssey*, I thought) when that good judge of coercion, Lord Londonderry, rose to interrupt with a question whether the Irish Parliament, whose vindication the intruder from Connaught was attempting, had not passed fifty-four Coercion Acts. Not a practised debater surely, or the speaker might well have retorted that if recourse to coercion was a reproach, Lord Londonderry in his own Viceroyalty had assented to a perpetual coercion, the last word of an interminable series. But at the end, the thin, well-bred ironical laughter, and the buzz of politely discourteous talk roused the anger behind that bristling countenance. The Connaughtman spoke of that neglected reservoir of administrative ability which lay waste and unused in Ireland. And even those who heard him so unwillingly realised with what authority that sentence came. He who spoke it, the poor man's son in Western Ireland, with such training as the West of Ireland could give him, had forced his way into the Civil Service of India; and in that Service had shown what a Connaughtman's administrative ability might mean. Some, then, remembered how this rough, strong-willed administrator, who had brought to the land question in India not knowledge only, but sympathy for the land question that overshadowed his cradle in Connaught, had been brought back from his work in India. Where and by whom? Back to Ireland, and brought back by that ex-Viceroy of India who leads the House of Lords to-day.

He who spoke of the system of administration which prevails in Ireland—the rule of Dublin Castle—had been brought in to work that system by the leaders of the Tory Party—brought in, too, in Mr. Wyndham's phrase, "not as a subordinate but as a colleague." He who spoke of the system had worked or tried to work through it for eight years; and at the end here was his sentence, flung fiercely across the Chamber to the noble lords who talked no longer, but listened in a kind of incredulous dismay—"Cut it down; Why cumbereth it the ground." That was not all. A system of rule, he called it, "which applied to any of your self-governing Colonies, would drive them to rebellion in a year."

It would be hard to overrate the fierceness of the accent with which those words were spoken; hard to overestimate the significance of that testimony. The trained official, the highly-trusted, highly-placed servant of the Empire, spoke—and he said so—in the Empire's interest no less than in Ireland's; but it was the Irishman, the native Celt, who spoke. Never before, I believe, has that voice of revolt been heard in that assembly; and when it ceased, there rose from the members of the Commons, crowding at the bar, a murmur that could be heard, so far had the decencies been set at naught.

And when, after that outburst, Lord Curzon rose, looking like the well-trained upper servant, to brush aside the "somewhat impassioned arguments" of the noble lord from Connaught, for my own part I had no care to stay. But the contrast of Mr. Shaw's play rises up in my mind as I write—Matt Haffigan and Mr. Broadhurst's valet. It was Matt Haffigan who had spoken, and, on a matter relating to Ireland, Matt Haffigan is the man whose voice ultimately prevails.

Life and Letters.

"TIS NOT THE BALM."

It is a pity that M. Frédéric Masson's book on "Napoleon and His Coronation," which is published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin this week, did not appear a fortnight or more sooner. It might then, perhaps, have had some small effect in stemming the gush of industriously-elaborated emotion and sentimentality which overwhelmed the true significance of our own recent ceremony, and has now spread over the country the staleness and sick exhaustion that affected or wrought-up feelings usually leave. For this volume gives us the picture of a man of super-eminent genius diverted from the greatness of his career by a similar illusion or affectation. The noblest natures of the time perceived his error. The Coronation in Paris, the assumption of Imperial titles by the child of the Revolution, shook their faith, not only in Napoleon but in mankind. There were many who recognised the ruin of freedom's hope in that act of 1804, and most historians, we suppose, have agreed that the mistake was fatal in the end. But M. Masson retells the story with a minuteness of detail, an insight into character, and a historic irony that revive the scene, the motives, and the disastrous issues.

The kind of man for whom Napoleon always expressed the most profound contempt was the "idéologue"—the doctrinaire, the dreamer, the ineffectual mind that suffered from illusion, and never faced the realities of the actual world. From idealistic weakness, from maundering sentimentalism, from the mystic haze of tradition, he prided himself on being free. And so long as he was on the field, so long as an enemy was to be shattered abroad, or regularity to be instituted at home, his pride was justified. Long before the Superman was thought of, Napoleon had displayed all his attributes in war and government. By 1804 his position was assured, and his greatness only disputed by the blindness of malignity or of antiquated habits. He had re-established France; he had shaken the old bondage of Europe; he had put the fear of the Revolution into the hearts of Kings. He stood before the world as the incarnation and instrument of liberty, declaring at the cannon's mouth her central doctrine of equal opportunity for all. Privilege shrank before him; hereditary grandeur shrivelled like burnt parchment; the immemorial ritual of Courts was rolled up and put away. He was the heir of a vast upheaval, the chosen leader of the people, holding his power by the Constitution of the Republic. His mistakes were blotted out in the name of freedom, and under the rapid terror of his blows all Europe felt the clutch of tyranny relaxed.

On a sudden, this herald of a new world, this purge of inherited nonsense, this embodiment of reason unobscured, revealed the weak spot in that iron soul. He who despised "idéologues," enwrapped himself in fanciful dreams; he who boasted his practical understanding, turned to the worship of symbolic mysteries; he who had upturned the Courts of Kings with all their trumpery, inquired into unction, orb, and candlesticks; he who had shattered thrones, was crowned! We know nothing more pitiful in the history of genius than the account here given of the prolonged and humiliating negotiations that at last brought the Pope to Paris to perform the ceremony; or of the research and discussion as to the proper ritual, decoration, and implements required. Should Charlemagne's insignia be transported from Aix? Should Charlemagne's reputed sword be redeemed from a pawnshop? The old crown of France had been melted into current coin, but was enough of the St. Denis regalia left to be serviceable? The sceptre, spurs, and hand of Justice were tracked to a museum; but on the whole it seemed better to discard the well-worn and dubious relics of Charlemagne and the Capets, though they were carefully repaired and decorated, and to have an entire new set of symbols manufactured. There followed earnest debate upon the order of ceremonial. Was the Use of Reims to be revived, and was Napoleon to swear to destroy all heretics within his

dominions? Or, in accordance with the Use of Rome, was he to fast three days, wait in armor before the church door, lie prostrate during the litanies, and display other evidences of a broken and a contrite heart? The question of kissing, the question of smearing on the unction and wiping it off, the question of putting on the crown itself, the question of appropriate dress, the silk stockings, the satin buskins, the white breeches, and tunic—all these were matters of serious debate for the greatest soldier that ever lived. The drive in the gilded coach, the manœuvring before the altar, the oath, the cries of "Vivat Imperator in æternum!"—what a business to occupy the greatest practical mind since Cæsar's! Here was a man, King by the divine right of genius, if ever man was, and yet M. Masson can say of him:—

"So greatly did Napoleon seem to fear that, if any adornment which an Emperor might have worn was wanting to his robes, he would not be taken for a true Emperor."

He goes on to speak of the foolishness of the ceremonies, how Napoleon refined and added and demanded still more pomp, pageantry, and actors; how he manipulated his courtiers like a battalion of Guards; and regulated the Pope, the Empress, and his own train into movements of mathematical precision like a ballet. And all the while revolutionary France and monarchical Europe looked on with scornful amazement.

We have called it the most pitiful scene in the history of genius, and it was pitiful not merely in its outward splendor, but in its spiritual and political significance. As M. Masson shows, it was an attempt on Napoleon's part to substitute a sort of Divine Right in place of the democratic right which had raised him up:—

"Because he had been consecrated by the Pope, he considered that he was clothed with an ineffaceable character, that he had become a Sovereign equal to other Sovereigns, that as such he was above criticism, that he was the Anointed of the Lord, and that, if his Empire had not received Divine institution, it did not fall far short of it."

This despiser of "idéologues" was confident that only by the Coronation and Consecration could he become a true sovereign. He was delighted with coats-of-arms, mystical oils, unguents, and all the other fripperies and tag-rag of obsolete symbolism. To quote a sentence from M. Masson again:—

"A strange kind of aberration was developed in his mind; on one point he ceased to keep in touch with reality, and he took for truths the fictions which he had invented himself; he walked in his own dream, and none was able to awaken him."

From such aberration his decline inevitably followed. Having deceived his own soul, he became the dupe of aristocrats, Popes, and Kings. "The Revolution whence he sprang, and of which he was the product, was abolished by the Consecration." On the field he was still for a while supreme. Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena lay close before him. But lovers of freedom were right in perceiving that by the Coronation the divine radiance was extinguished and the heroism of his career closed. The man had fallen a victim, as De Pradt said, to an illusion, a childish trick.

If only so wholesome and astringent a volume as this had been widely read a few weeks ago, how many people and writers might have been saved from similar illusions and childish tricks! And how much less tedious and nauseating the mere thought of Coronations would seem to us now! Most men and women, it is true, and perhaps even the majority of writers maintained a decent self-restraint and took the outward show of an interesting ceremony at its true significance. The "Daily Telegraph," for instance, which cannot, as a rule, be described as chilly in its expression of loyalty, admirably defined the situation in its leading article of the following day:—

"Our own nation," it said, "which possesses a strange power of adapting older forms and ceremonies to modern necessities, gradually evolved, through Tudor and Stuart times, the idea of a Constitutional Sovereign: a Sovereign bound by the Constitution to perform what the people willed, and to become its chief Officer of State. . . . Rightly or wrongly, we are accredited with having developed the most practical form of civilised State—a Constitutional monarch ruling by the people's consent over what is actually a self-reliant and independent republic."

Nothing could be better. It is right in feeling, in history, and in actual fact. But we turned the page to the ten or twelve columns descriptive of the scene, and what a change! Here we saw another sufferer from Napoleonic aberration, a fresh victim to illusions and childish tricks, perverting his powers in the attempt to victimise the thousands of his readers. Here, in the first paragraph, we read of seven thrilling and incredible hours—but the sentence is too superb for abbreviation:—

"As we leave the Abbey after seven thrilling and incredible hours, like a strange gulf separating for ever one epoch of life from another, and leaping with the colors of a dawn-lit sea, our feet beat a triumphal tread, but our hearts are filled to overflowing. To the core we have been moved, and while women have been melted unto weeping again and again by some feeling between joy and pathos, men have been moved beyond themselves by the passion of exultation that would be nigh to tears, but for the immortal and heroic touch in this antique yet living ceremony which turns the very soul to patriotic steel."

We are further told that we (that is, the writer and his fellow-victims to tears or exultation) "are no longer persons. We are atoms, elements, conscious as in a trance, yet absorbed, dissolved into a flood of living radiance within the enfolding vista of those hallowed walls brooding around us and above us like the very Spirit of Time and the consecration of history." It would be difficult to define exactly what the writer had become after that transformation into atoms, light, and water, but whatever it was, it proceeded with unabated, though gasping, adoration to describe the crown of the widest dominion known to time set upon the King, full vested, gold-robed, under the golden canopy, so that it seemed to the mind's eye as though with that momentous gesture the Primate had set the Orb and Cross upon the topmost pinnacle of Empire. Four columns later, the writer came to a moment when "the very air was electrical, and the moral tension was tight to extremity." Fortunately for the sufferings of morality, that uncomfortable situation was brief:—

"The King is coming. The historic procession marshalled about their Majesties is almost upon us, though we cannot see it yet. It is nigh. It is nearer. It is here! In a moment the leaptide of that glowing and golden pomp, etc."

That was very satisfactory, but we had still to get through four or five columns, including various appeals to Rubens and Tintoretto, and a scene "unequalled for modern intensity," since it "seemed to express the political imagination of a Beaconsfield"—we had to get through all this, and a lot more about Oriental carpets, and knightly faiths, and Holy Grails, and melting women, before we reached the sixth or seventh supreme moment, consummated "with unhesitating yet unhesitating strength":—

"High flashes the purple diadem in its own radiance of jewelled fire. It is but one instant in the air. It descends. It is placed upon the brow of George the Fifth. He is crowned in a moment—crowned King of the old islands in the northern seas and of all the Britains beyond the wider waters, Emperor of India and Sovereign of the world, girdling dominion wider than all dominions through time."

"Crowned in a moment," "Sovereign of the world, girdling dominion"—it is a little obscure, but is it not magnificent? We have sought among the politer words to express it. "Fustian" would do, or "bunkum," or "drivel." But without descending to the slang of "tosh," we can find nothing quite exact. If, in the inscrutable counsels of Providence, another Coronation should be decreed within the present age, what would be left to say? To what higher flights could that "Daily Telegraph" writer ascend? What resource would remain to him but to reprint the extravagance of his folly? "Bonfires blazed; joy-bells pealed; Who came to the throne?" a master once asked his form, and his pupils cherished the question as a model of ineptitude.

But, after all, we learn one thing. We learn that M. Masson may be wrong in attributing Napoleon's apparent silliness to mental aberration. May we not rather suppose that the Superman of practical genius knew perfectly well what he was doing? He knew that in every country there is always a large number of men and women like the writer in the "Daily Telegraph"—people longing to be illusioned, anxious to be tricked by

childish sentimentalism, ready to lash themselves up into a passion of counterfeit emotion. He knew that to minds of this type the symbols of sovereignty are as irresistible and as mystical as scraps of silver paper are to lunatics, and that a drop of oil or a lump of gold will hypnotise them into adoration. He knew how joyfully they set the hedge of Divinity around a king; how agreeably they sacrifice their country's hard-won liberties to the first who cries "The State? I am the State"; and with what acclamation they bellow around the Throne, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." All this he knew, and may we not suppose that he acted on the knowledge with his accustomed insight?

THE FAME OF THACKERAY.

TOWARDS our brothers we are often generous and sometimes just. Of our sons we are not infrequently proud. Our grandfathers we enshrine in the temple of fame. Our fathers are the problem. We are a jury which sits upon them in permanence, perpetually dissolved because it despairs of an agreement, and constantly summoned afresh to try their case which encumbers our calendar. The habit which summons us to a peculiarly formal sitting on the centenary of their birth is among the most vexatious of modern customs. It disrobes a reputation which is gradually weaving for itself a classic toga. It interrupts a ghost who is quietly solidifying from a haunting presence into a household god. For what is a man who was born a hundred years ago? He inhabits a limbo between history and recollection. Those are dead who knew him young and vigorous. There still live those who knew him elderly and fixed. He is not a contemporary; he is not an ancestor. A fragment of his life belongs to our age. A portion of its period lies beyond the mists. The boy moved among those who are stone effigies and monumental names. The man jostled in battles whose dust still flickers in our air. Our elders speak of him with a certain hesitation and delicacy of tone, as though their words might still offend or please. The younger generation utters its verdict with a strident vehemence, trampling with its feet as it speaks, to make quite sure that the great man is really under ground. Listen to the eulogy which Lord Rosebery pronounced on Thackeray in the presence of his daughter amid the stones of the Grey Friars where tradition still thinks of him as an Old Boy, and you will persuade yourself that it is still a contemporary judgment which forms itself with diffidence and respect concerning one of our veteran novelists. Turn to the furious diatribe of Mr. James Douglas on the dead Philistine, and you will imagine that the main business of the day is to complete once and for all the protracted funeral rites, to bury finally our Victorian dead, and to emancipate ourselves from filial make-believe. It is in vain that one seeks to expedite that process. Fame will judge of Thackeray's work when the last of us is dead who ever thought of the Victorian tradition as a model to be followed or a bondage to be cast off. A generation hence Thackeray will be as dead as Jane Austen, and quite as much alive.

It is not difficult to diagnose the cause of the irritation which Thackeray's work is beginning to inspire in the modern reader. Draw a lady in a poke bonnet and a cashmere shawl, and entitle it, "A Study in the Fashions of the Regency," and you will be held to have contributed to the world's portrait galleries a valuable historical sketch. Draw the same lady in the same poke bonnet and the same cashmere shawl, and omit the title, and it will be said of you that you were a Regency artist, popular in your day. It was the singularity of Thackeray's work that he never dated his canvases. No artist was ever more absolutely the mind and voice of his age, and none was so little conscious of the limitations under which he worked. Hugo was consciously the revolutionary pencil. So a man writes, he seems to say, on every page, who has seen barricades and raged at tyrants. It is the voice of a mid-century of turmoil, and it confesses its own accent. Tolstoy flaunts on every page the same self-consciousness. He knew that

he was a man of his generation, who saw with the eyes of his own day a life which he knew to be peculiar, local, momentary, a brightly-illuminated spot on a swiftly-changing panorama. So it was with all the artists of the century, the great and the little alike. Kingsley and George Eliot do not differ in this from Dostoevsky and Tourgenieff. They were over-shadowed by the historical sense. They were consciously contributing their dated canvases to a vast national gallery which stretched before and after. The present interested them because it differed so absolutely from the past, and even more, perhaps, because it would differ so curiously from tomorrow. It was the very strength and originality of Thackeray's genius that he still, in the nineteenth century, believed in a world where to-morrow would repeat to-day and the son resemble the father. He knew, indeed, that manners and customs undergo a certain change and variation. He acquired for his historical novels a certain antiquarian lore. He caught for the writing of "Esmond" with a linguistic facility the Georgian knack of framing a sentence, as he might have learned the Georgian taste in designing a church. But when he looked around him and saw the narrow little lives of Early Victorian men and women, it was human life that he believed himself to see, as it always is and always will be. One breathes with him the intolerably stuffy air of those drawing-rooms. It is perfectly reproduced. It suffocates. It grips the throat. But he omits to mention that the window had been closed. He was not aware that the window had been closed. He has the affectation of believing all the while that this stagnant substance is air, air as it is, and always will be. His Regency drawing-room is for him *Vanity Fair*, the eternal place of lures and falsehood, which always from the creation of the world has lain in wait for Pilgrim. He saw in his Victorian dolls, formed and shaped and disfigured by the mental corsets of the period, the eternal feminine. His Amelia Sedley was for him Woman, and if anything else was Woman it was Becky Sharp. His was the older, the classic manner of fiction. It was Fielding's manner and Jane Austen's manner. Each believed that it was of universal life and invariable human nature that they were writing, and each succeeded in producing the most perfect, the most accurate, the most admirably contemporary picture of a passing phase of character and manners that the novelist's pen can sketch. The pretension does not trouble us in Fielding and Jane Austen. In Thackeray, because his moralisings are more sweeping, and because the wreckage of his world is still about us, we are annoyed by his assumption. Russell Square has still its memories of the Sedleys and the Osbornes. It is not all yet a vast hotel. The parasitic woman is a vanishing but not an extinct type. We forget as we read to insert the date which Thackeray omitted to underline. We read our Tourgenieff without a sense of revolt and contradiction. It is the vanished world of the 'sixties, described by a man who knew that it would vanish. We read our Thackeray distracted and indignant. It is the world of the 'forties and the 'fifties, described by a man who believed that it would endure, who believed, indeed, that it always had endured.

There will come a time—it has come to some of us already—when this contradiction between the Book of Life and the annals of Early Victorian England will no longer vex us. "*Vanity Fair*" will bear its date as legibly as "*Pride and Prejudice*." We shall only distinguish between the novels in which Thackeray was consciously and unconsciously the historian. But one book will stand outside the series, great and permanent in its beauty. "*The Newcomes*" will survive among the masterpieces of European literature, not merely because it is a tale told with a rare skill of portraiture and a moving power of sympathy. It will live as the simplest, the biggest, and the noblest statement of a Conservative view of life and character. Where else have the loyalties and rectitudes walked with a step so manly and a smile so winning? What other artist has used his canvas to make an open, handsome face, without wrinkles and eccentricities, so attractive and so interesting? Who else, without subtleties and refine-

ments and the niceties of a minute psychology, has succeeded in making of a man, who was merely gentle and good and honest, a living hero? It is a rebuke to the restless amateur of ideas. It is a sermon to the "intellectual" and the revolutionary. It is a great epic of optimism in praise of the average good man, the attainable ideal, the perfection of type which needs no rare force of intellect or imagination in its serene progress under a normal code of honor from boyhood to the grave. They called this man a cynic because in his simplicity he scoured malice and vanity and greed. But he has written the book which stands besides the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" as the classic expression of a naive optimism. Such dignity and grace of character as Colonel Newcome's he took to be in some sense normal—the type if not the average. It was for him the perfect but the natural product of the conventions and disciplines of Grey Friars. He doubted of men and women. But he did not doubt of life. He saw in obedience its most precious virtue, and in the pupil's "Adsum" to his Master, the essential word of learning. There are other views of life out of which it is easier to make notable literature. A minor novelist can make the rebel or the artist interesting. But precisely because it is so elementary, so primitive, so unenterprising in its restful nobility, this portrait of a simple, good man ranks among the greatest and the rarest things in the world of books.

THE OUTLOOK FOR ENGLISH FICTION.

WHILE the number of novels published—June, 1910, to June, 1911—shows a marked increase, it is more than doubtful if the standard, in intellectual interest and æsthetic quality of fiction, has been maintained. The reviewers' task of discovering new talent has been augmented of late by the publishers' habit of crowding into twelve weeks or so more than half the total output of the year. The consequence is that only a tithe of the more meritorious novels can be noticed in the weeks in question. The severe competition, always acute, between novelists of merit has been much intensified by the assiduous "booming" of any new novelist whose work, promising or not, has appealed to the speculative instincts of the trading mind. The more delicate talents suffer by this practice even more danger of being overlooked than before, and the indiscriminate praise heaped by many reviewers on mediocre performances aggravates the evil. The plain fact is, that the elementary artistic standards of the reading public encourage the production of thousands of naive or mediocre performances, which congest the ranks, and render it difficult for novelists of individual stamp to find an audience. Just as painting in water-colors, a generation or so ago, was held to be an art within the reach of any educated young lady, so any amateur to-day, who sets to and concocts a narrative sufficiently sensational or sentimental to attract the attention of circulating-library readers, helps to bring the novelist's craft into disrepute. The recent correspondence in an evening contemporary as to "how long should a novel be?" disclosed that scarcely one reader in fifty comprehends that it is the manner of treatment that is all important. It may be said here, however, that the ordinary English novel is far too long, too full of unnecessary detail and undigested material, and that this general neglect of form reflects, again, the elementary taste of the majority of readers.

The Englishman's respect for strength of character, his exaggerated individualism, his honesty of purpose, tempered by a dislike for looking facts in the face, his preference for action, and his weakness in psychological insight, are no doubt responsible for the lack of intellectual boldness and the narrow outlook of all but a dozen or so of our novelists. The Imperial idea, of which we have heard so much, has produced one spokesman of rank, Mr. Kipling. In the hundred novels that depict annually, in perfunctory fashion, life in South Africa, West Africa, India, Canada, Australia, and the outlying portions of the Empire, we find manifested in fresh forms much the same insularity of spirit, sensational interest,

and preoccupation with domestic issues, that mark the ordinary novelist at home. Our middle-classes, who speculate eagerly in rubber or gold mines, show but scanty interest in the environment of their kindred overseas, and it is a sign of our unimaginativeness and narrowness of feeling that the life of hundreds of millions of our "subject races" remains a sealed book, and finds scarce any interpreters. It is to be hoped that Mr. F. W. Bain may produce a novel of modern Indian life, in support of his statement: "No man has done more than Mr. Rudyard Kipling to caricature and misinterpret India, in the interest of military vulgarity, than this popular writer, to whom Hindoo India is a book with seven seals." Mr. Kipling's latest volume of stories, "Rewards and Fairies," however, is more sober in tone, and of riper judgment than its immediate predecessors. It is disappointing that so few recruits have appeared to help Mr. Conrad, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and Mr. W. H. Hudson to keep open the gates that give on to the great territory of tropical life. Mr. W. H. Hudson has, unfortunately for us, written no fiction since "Green Mansions"; Mr. Percival Gibbon has been practically silent; if Mr. Masfield in "Lost Endeavor" has created a pendant to his "Captain Margaret," Miss Elizabeth Robins has attempted no sequel to her brilliant "Come and Find Me"; Mr. Morley Roberts has produced no serious study of overseas environment; Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. David Bone have not been seen in print since "The Shadow of a Titan" and "The Brassboulder" appeared; and, in short, the year has been singularly barren in novels dealing with the life of Greater Britain.

Nor can we chronicle the appearance of novelists of talent in touch with European or cosmopolitan feeling. A few clever stories, but none of much significance, on German, French, and Italian life, are to be noted, and the names of John Ayscough, Miss E. Sidgwick, Mrs. A. Sidgwick, E. S. Stevens, and Miss J. A. R. Wylie may be cited. The accomplished author of "Maurice Guest" has followed up her success with nothing more striking than a merciless transcript of school-girl life in Sydney; Mr. Gilbert Cannan has done nothing to equal his "Peter Homunculus"; Mr. H. N. Dickinson has not reappeared with any fine-edged analysis of the life political; Mr. Leonard Merrick, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Gertrude Bone, Mrs. Margaret Woods, Mr. Sandeman, Mrs. Baynton, Mrs. Steel, Miss A. Douglas Sedgwick, Mr. Niel Munro, Mr. Ashton Hilliers, and Mr. A. Booth, also have added nothing of importance to their laurels.

In face of this curious dearth of novels of original force, the work of Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Belloc becomes of enhanced value, for whatever may be charged against these authors, the social atmosphere of their pictures of life is always of vital interest, and their horizons are never of the parochial kind. "The New Machiavelli," "The Patrician," and "Pongo and the Bull" might, indeed, puzzle the intelligent foreigner, but they are instinct with acute commentary, serious or satiric, of ruling tendencies in our social order. Critics who dispute this may be asked—Can you name modern English novelists of more significance? And their failure to do so raises the important question as to whether the last batch of writers are likely to produce any novelists of national significance. On the face of it, the younger generation is taking life lightly, is chiefly occupied with the task of amusing itself, and with the problems of its own self-interest. Socialism, the Plutocracy, Capitalism, Nationalism, Feminism, Science, to take only half-a-dozen topics, are subjects that are severely let alone, apart from some mild discussions, and the infiltration of "advanced" ideas. Even the Woman's Movement has not found exponents more talented in fiction than Miss Cicely Hamilton, and one asks—Does this indicate that the younger generation is occupied with the actual working out of particular problems that concern its own welfare? and is not this a new illustration of the English dislike of ideas, its inability to see the whole in its parts, and its absorption in practical affairs? In the place of really significant

novels that enable one to see the lie of the land, the year has been remarkable for a flood of well-written, but artistically commonplace stories of middle-class life, reflecting, accurately and unconsciously, the interests, occupations, amusements, ideas, and activities of comfortable people. One searches in vain in hundreds of these novels for a general idea or criticism of society, an exceptional temperament, for any rare æsthetic charm, psychological intensity, or sensitiveness to beauty. Such novels are healthy in tone, and moral in the accepted sense, and form the surface wave, so to speak, of that great world-movement of bourgeois valuations which has permeated modern society in every strata.

It is the triumph of this bourgeois ideal that lends special interest to the fiction of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. E. M. Forster. Four years back, when Mr. Arnold Bennett's name was rarely mentioned, THE NATION took him to task for so long neglecting the field in which he had done his best early work—the novel of provincial life—and it urged him to depict the atmosphere and local life of the Five Towns. His prominent successes in "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger" are partly due to the fact that he has not spoiled his conscientious drawing by adding the "bright" and "pleasing" colors of the idealistic novelist. In the work of the bourgeois novelist proper the background of family and social origins is always either misty, sham, or pretentious. What we need, above all now, is for our young novelists to take a leaf, as Mr. Bennett has done, from the book of the Russian realists and the French naturalists. Mr. Galsworthy's "The Man of Property" is still about the only modern novel we possess in which the great middle-class gospel of "getting on" is adequately represented and analysed. Mr. Masfield, in "The Street of To-day," has most ably sketched the type of the shallow, doll-like, frivolous woman, and her general inadequacy, but he failed to give his theme sufficient elbow-room. In passing, we may congratulate Miss MacNaughten and Miss Jacomb Hood on their clever commentaries on middle-class ideals and practice; but it is Mr. E. M. Forster who is the leading specialist in this branch, and it is pleasant to note that in "Howard's End" he has at last gained the ear of the more intelligent section of the circulating-library public. While regretting that Mr. Charles Marriott has not proved since "Now" his undeniable ability in this same field, it is to be noted that Mr. Hueffer, Mr. Barry Pain, Mrs. Dawson Scott, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, have all contributed novels or stories of fresh artistic value, while Mr. Maurice Hewlett in "Rest Harrow" has perhaps gone further than he intended in the direction of parodying his former considerable achievements. In the novel of "local color," Q. and Mr. Eden Philpotts have sustained their reputations, but the most satisfying, solid, and thoroughly artistic piece of work in this branch is Mr. James Prior's "Fortuna Chance." For felicity of style and atmospheric delicacy we hold that Miss Rosalind Murray's "The Leading Note" was by far the most interesting performance of the year; and for creative originality and psychological skill, Mr. Walter De La Mare's "The Return" takes a prominent place. Among newcomers, the two most promising are, perhaps, the author of "Martha Vine," and Mr. D. H. Laurence, whose country story, "The White Peacock," is full of beauty and charm. We are still extraordinarily poor in interpreters of the life of the working-classes, and Mr. Stephen Reynolds's "Alongshore," Mr. Neil Lyons's "Sixpenny Pieces," and Mr. W. H. Davies's "A Weak Woman," all most penetrating in their shrewd insight into the workings of minds unsophisticated by "education," stand out in grateful relief, both in subject and in treatment. Mark Rutherford finds no successor worthy to untie the latchet of his shoe, and the dearth of novels of the religious life is particularly to be remarked, though Mr. R. H. Benson's "None Other Gods" is to be mentioned with respect. It would be unpardonable to close our brief survey without the most grateful recognition of Mr. Henry James's volume of brilliant stories, "The Finer Grain," though we have,

strictly speaking, no right to reckon him in the ranks of English authors.

We cannot help connecting the lack of intellectual or æsthetic force in the work of the younger school with the general increase in prosperity, material comfort, and settled assurance of our middle-classes. Hard times are notorious for reducing superfluous fat, whether of the individual or the nation. And modern English fiction is undeniably suffering from a superfluity of comfortable tissue, and a certain indifference to spiritual issues. Complete absorption in the practical affairs and amusements of your own set and circle is "the note" of the majority of novelists, and nothing of rare beauty or high quality in art or letters is likely to be born of this spirit.

THE EXERCISE OF GIRLS.

WE have a vision of two or three thousand girls in gymnasium dress swaying a perfectly orderly forest of wands to the catchwords each squad has learnt in the respective schools of London. Still more vivid is the impression of the damsels parading the grounds of the Crystal Palace in random couples, their lithe, well-set-up bodies instinct with a grace that we had feared London had forgotten. They are children of all kinds and degrees of natural physical aptitude, but so nearly equal to-day as wielders of the wand and as dancers on rubbered feet that it is evident that much has been done for the least of them by the training. The raw, unprofessional eye cannot see why this one should have a medal, or even two medals, on her breast, while that other has none. The soundness of the system is apparent rather in the general excellence of result than in the honors list.

On the same day, and not many yards away, we saw, as in many similar arenas can be seen on any Saturday afternoon, the agonised contests of men on bicycle or on foot for victory by the tenth of a second, with the last quarter-ounce of effort of which the human frame is capable. That is something, but it seems to be quite another thing, and a less good thing than the gentle education of muscle and tendon signified by the word exercise. It is to the swaying of wands and the other rational sports of girls, as cramming for an examination is to the true teaching of the mind. There is evidently somewhere a happy mean in athletics, below which, and more especially beyond which, harm is done instead of good. We think it must be at that point where the actions of the athlete and the results upon his figure cease to be beautiful; in other words, that there is rather more truth in calisthenics than in athletics as they are at present understood.

The annual sports of a large girls' school furnish an object-lesson in athletics carried to the point of beauty and no further. Girls have not yet, and may they never have, learnt to get the last possible inch out of the high jump by flinging the feet higher than the head and wriggling over like something reptilian rather than human. They spring from the stride like deer, tuck up the feet at the climax, and sail over in a way that ensures a safe and beautiful alighting on the other side. They seem to jump as high as their brothers of the same age with all contortions thrown in. If their brothers clear an inch more, the price is more than it is worth. After all, a jump, the only penalty of which is the upsetting of a tape, has no relation to anything in work-a-day life. Its only reward is the reward of exercise, and the last inch is distinctly an exercise in lopsidedness and irregularity. The running of a girl, too, is the smooth running of a well-oiled machine. The stride must be of the right length, the number of beats to the minute right, the breathing rightly managed. Even if the antics of the boy, by which he expresses the anxiety to increase his pace, really did increase his pace, few girls would indulge in them. You might as well expect the engine to slew its flywheel from the true, and run the piston-rod in an ellipse. Surely the girl's style of running, whether it make for a little less speed or not, is for all human physical and spiritual purposes the right kind of exercise. Our musing is interrupted by the passing of a cloud of girls ending their three hundred yards,

the Marathon of girlhood. The winner is a picture of God-given speed, elbows back, chest open, legs taking care of themselves and running like pistons. The engine warms with the work, automatically accelerating as the air stokes it, and the runners reach the tape with a rush like the charge of cavalry. The best has won, and nobody is harmed.

The Englishman is proverbially given to take his pleasures seriously. In fact, it is to be doubted whether his sports are pleasures any longer. Pursuing them too diligently as an end, he loses the real end to which they are a means. There should be a dash of the sportive in our sports, rather more of the easy play of fox puppies than of the grim, hunchbacked terror with which the cyclist endeavors to keep away from his pursuer. What does one fat little fox care if in this bout the other gets him down and pretends to take the full penalty of his life? In the next bout the chances may be reversed, and, at any rate, there is pleasure in being quite down when one is down, and quite up when one is up. Exercise is the main thing, and day by day the youthful limbs of the contestants grow stronger and fleetier and more fitted for the very purposes of life. The too-accurate measurement of strength against strength tends to eliminate for good and all the less successful contestants. We are becoming more and more content to watch the performance of our super-athletes, ourselves taking no exercise. At the Olympiad held at St. Louis in 1904, the wild men of many regions competed against the civilised whites. They had been expected to make records, but their performances were disappointing by comparison with our professionals and specialists. Yet no one can doubt for a moment that if a whole tribe of Zulus were to compete with a whole nation of whites the former would prove more athletic. Our system trains but one in ten, while their mode of life exercises the whole ten.

Our girls enter in good numbers for every race. They do not know one another's form, records they have none, only each knows that she can run or jump, and that there is running or jumping to do. Besides, there are the team races, wherein each must do her best for the honor of the class. What might not be done by inter-parochial team races, in which as many as possible would run on each side to see in which parish-hall the trophy must reside for the coming year! Imagine the whole Cup Final crowd participating in one gigantic contest wherein the individual prowess of each man of Sunderland or Newcastle would add to the chances of his own side winning! If they were one-half so keen in such a contest as they are to see the victory of the eleven gladiators who wear their colors, something important would have been done for English physical exercise. Quite a fascinating event is this relay race, wherein an object run with and handed from girl to girl travels half-a-mile at sprinting speed. It is thus that the post was carried before we had the untiring locomotive, to which speed and distance are not mutually antagonistic. If the boy scouts between London and Edinburgh were to line out on some holiday morning, each contingent guardian of the honor of its own locality, in what time would a letter travel the whole distance? At seventeen miles an hour it would go the four hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, but that would mean that each of the 7,040 scouts employed did his hundred yards in twelve and a-quarter seconds. Glorious boy scouts if they did the distance in twenty-four hours! If next year they could knock off a quarter-second from each hundred yards they would get into Edinburgh half-an-hour earlier. After that the lowering of the record by ten minutes would be notable. It would be a feat beyond the powers of any but a very strenuous cyclist, and whereas it would in his case puff up but one man, as a team performance it would redound to the credit and the physical benefit of 7,040 lads.

We admire the ingenuity of the girls' sports-mistress in finding new contests dependent on combinations of qualities. She has this year given up the blind driving race. The vigor with which the blindfolded "horse" ran, obeying the pull of the driver on the reins, was, we think, beyond the capacity of most boys. Certainly, it was an astonishing revelation in co-operative faith.

This year we have the potato-and-bucket race, one girl fetching the potatoes at a trot, the other pitching them into the bucket from a line. We have also co-operative untying of knots, unplaiting of braid, winding of wool, the perennial three-legged race, and many other exercises of combined skill and patience giving their subtle rewards far beyond the tangible objects bestowed on the winners.

Short Studies.

LIFE IN LONDON.

V.—THE BANQUET.

IN every large London restaurant, and in many small ones, there is a spacious hall (or several) curtained away from the public, in which every night strange secret things go on. Few suspect, and still fewer realise, the strangeness of these secret things. In the richly decorated interior (sometimes marked with mystic signs), at a table which in space reaches from everlasting to everlasting, and has the form of a grill or a currycomb or the end of a rake—at such a table sit fifty or five hundred males. They are all dressed exactly alike, in black and white; but occasionally they display a colored flower, and each man bears exactly the same species and tint and size of flower, so that you think of regiments of flowers trained throughout their lives in barracks to the end of shining for a night in unison on the black and white bosoms of these males. Although there is not even a buffet in the great room, and no sign of the apparatus of a restaurant, all these males are eating a dinner, and it is the same dinner. They do not wish to choose; they accept, reading the menu like a decree of fate. They do not inquire upon the machinery; a slave, unglanced at, places a certain quantity of a dish in front of them—and lo! the same quantity of the same dish is in front of all of them; they do not ask whence nor how it came; they eat, with industry, knowing that at a given moment, whether they have finished or not, a hand will steal round from behind them, and the plate will vanish into limbo. Thus the repast continues, ruthlessly, under the aquiline gaze of a slave who is also a commander-in-chief, manœuvring his men silently, manœuvring them with naught but a glance. With one glance he causes to disappear five hundred salad-plates, and with another he conjures from behind a screen five hundred ices, each duly below zero, and each calculated to impede the digesting of a salad. The service of the dinner is a miracle, but the diners, absorbed in the expectancy of rites to come, reckon not; they assume the service as they assume the rising of the sun. Only a few remember the old, old days, in the 'eighties (before a cabal of international Jews had put their heads together and inaugurated a new age of miracles), when these solemn repasts were a scramble and a guerilla, after which one half of the combatants went home starving, and the other half went home glutted and drenched. Nowadays these repasts are the most perfectly democratic in England; and anybody who has ever assisted at one knows by a morsel of experience what life would be if the imaginative Tory's nightmare of Socialism were to become a reality. But each person has enough, and has it promptly.

The ceremonial begins with a meal, because it would be impossible on an empty stomach. Its object is ostensibly either to celebrate the memory of some deed or some dead man, or to signalise the triumph of some living contemporary. Clubs and societies exist throughout London in hundreds expressly for the execution of these purposes, and each of them is a remunerative client of a large restaurant. Societies even exist solely in order to watch for the triumphs of contemporaries, and to gather in the triumphant to a repast and inform them positively that they are great. So much so that it is difficult to accomplish anything unusual, such as the discovery of one pole or another, or the successful defence of a libel action, without submitting to the ordeal of these societies one after the other in a chain, and

emerging therefrom with modesty ruined and the brazen conceit of a star actor. But the ostensible object is merely a cover for the real object, the unadmitted and often unsuspected object: which is, to indulge in a debauch of universal mutual admiration. When the physical appetite is assuaged, then the appetite for praise and sentimentality is whetted, and the design of the mighty institution of the banquet is to minister, in a manner majestic and unexceptionable, to this base appetite, whose one excuse is its *naïveté*.

A pleasurable and even voluptuous thrill of anticipation runs through the assemblage when the chairman rises to open the orgy. Everybody screws himself up, as a fiddler screwing the pegs of a fiddle, to what he deems the correct pitch of appreciativeness; and almost the breath is held. And the chairman says: "Whatever differences may divide us upon other subjects, I am absolutely convinced, and I do not hesitate to state my conviction in the clearest possible way, that we are enthusiastically and completely agreed upon one point," the point being that such and such a person or such and such a work is the greatest person or the greatest work of the kind in the whole history of the human race. And although the point is one utterly inadmissible upon an empty stomach, although it is indeed a glaring falsity, everybody at once feverishly endorses it, either with shrill articulate cries, or with deep inarticulate booming, or with noises produced by the shock of flesh on flesh, or ivory on wood, or steel on crystal. The uproar is enormous. The chairman grows into a sacramental priest, or a philosopher of amazing insight and courage. And everybody says to himself: "I had not screwed myself up quite high enough," and proceeds to a further screwing. And in every heart is the thought: "This is grand! This is worth living for! This alone is the true reward of endeavor!" And the corporate soul muses ecstatically: "This work, or this man, is ours, by reason of our appreciation and our enthusiasm. And he, or it, is ours exclusively." And, since the soul and the body are locked together in the closest sympathetic intimacy, all those cautious dyspeptic ones who have hitherto shirked danger, immediately put on courage like a splendid garment, and order the strongest drinks and the longest cigars that the establishment can offer. The real world fades into unreality; the morrow is lost in eternity; the moment and the illusion alone are real.

The key of the mood is to be sought less in the speeches as they succeed each other than in the applause. For the applauders are not influenced by a sense of responsibility, or made self-conscious by publicity. They can be natural, and they are. What fear can prevent them from translating instantly their emotions into sound? By the applause, if you are a slave and non-participant, you may correct your too kindly estimate of men in the mass. Note how the most outrageous exaggeration, the grossest flattery, the most banal platitude, the most fatuous optimism, gain the loudest approval. Note how any reservation produces a fall of temperature. Note how the smallest jokes are seized on ravenously, as a worm by a young bird. And note always the girlish sentimentality, ever gushing forth, of these strong, hard-headed males whose habit is to proverbialise the sentimentality of women.

The emotional crisis arrives. Feeling transcends the vehicle of speech, and escapes in song. And one guest, honored either for some special deed of his own or because his name has been "coupled" with some historic deed or movement, remains sitting, in the most exquisite self-consciousness that human ingenuity ever brought about, while all the rest fling hoarsely at him the fifteen sacred words of a refrain which in its incredible vulgarity surpasses even the National Anthem.

The reaction is now not far off. But owing to several reasons it is postponed yet awhile. The honored guest's response is one of the chief attractions of the night. Very many diners have been drawn to the banquet by the desire to inspect the honored guest at their leisure, to see his antics, to divine his human weaknesses and his ridiculous side. And, moreover, the honored guest must give praise for praise, and lie for lie. He is bound by the strictest conventions of social

intercourse to say in so many words: "Gentlemen, you are the most enlightened body of men that I ever had the good fortune to meet; and your hospitality is the greatest compliment that I have ever had, or ever shall have, or could conceive. Each of you is a prince of the earth. And I am a worm . . ." And then there are the minor speeches, finishing off in detail the vast embroidery of laudation which was begun by the Chairman. Everybody is more or less enfolded in that immense mantle. And everybody is satisfied and sated, save those who have sat through the night awaiting the sweet mention of their own names, and who have been disappointed. At every banquet there are such. And it is they who, by their impatience, definitely cause the reaction at last. The speakers who terminate the affair fight against the reaction in vain. The applause at the close is perfunctory—how different from the fever of the commencement and the hysteria of the middle! The illusion is over. The emotional debauch is finished. The adult and bearded boys have played the delicious make-believe of being truly great, and the game is at an end; and each boy, looking within, perceives without too much surprise that he is after all only himself. A cohort "of the best," foregathered in the cloak-room, say to each other, "Delightful evening! Splendid! Rippling!" And then one says, ironically leering, in a low voice, and a tone heavy with realistic disesteem: "Well, what do you think of —?" Naming the lion of the night.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Art.

MR. WALTER SICKERT'S PICTURES AT THE STAFFORD GALLERY.

MR. WALTER SICKERT seems to have been obsessed throughout his life by an odd idea, namely, that it is a painter's business to paint. This is curious, especially in England, where the desire for illustration is so persistent, and lies in wait even for the purest artists, when once they attain to fame. If the English artist escapes that, he generally desires to be a poet, or a critic, or an æsthete, but Mr. Sickert has never, it would seem, wanted to do anything but paint. With him this passion is so strong that he is almost indifferent as to what he paints, his care being altogether for the manner of it. I have always had the pleasure of differing from Mr. Sickert's views on art, and I still think that there are other concerns that may well occupy a painter's mind than just painting; but the show of his pictures at the Stafford Gallery in Duke Street, St. James's, though rather a miscellaneous and accidental grouping of his work, convinces me that I have never done him justice. Mr. Sickert has been an institution for so long that one came insensibly to regard him like the Throne, or the Bank of England, or the Civil Service Stores, one of those unchanging and ultimate realities that one accepts, but that one does not criticise. Year after year he exhibited work of much the same kind, never an "important" picture, never anything from which conversation or copy could be extracted, nothing with any sort of subject to it. Generally it was the same corner of a street at Dieppe, that one had seen many times before, or a new model, as uninteresting and as little pretentious as the last. One always knew vaguely that these pictures were very well painted, much better, indeed, than the work of almost all his contemporaries; but somehow the matter ended there, except that Mr. Sickert, in his engaging manner, became mildly amused at critics and criticism, and continued to be exactly as before. One realises now that the narrow intensity of his passion, his love of mere painting, has done what larger interests have often failed to do, has kept his work absolutely pure. He seems never to have made any special effort, nor to have cherished any high ambition; but he knew that there were two kinds of painting, good and bad, and that by some good fortune of temperament, of education, his work was of the good kind. When now

we see his work collected together, we have to admit with something of shame, perhaps, that amid all the pretensions and deceptive promises of more exciting and ambitious art which have attracted our attention from time to time, we have all the time had a real master among us, and have made no stir about him. Fervor of penitence might prompt me to call him a great master, but this would be untrue; indeed, with a surprisingly clear consciousness of his own powers, Mr. Sickert never seems to have aimed at greatness, and after all, how many masters of any kind can we boast of in the arts?

By calling him a master I mean that everything he produces is really done; he does not make shots at things; the particular thing that he sets out to do is actually and almost infallibly accomplished. He knows his trade; one will not find inspired and uninspired moments in his work, but rather a certain and easily maintained level of good workmanship, so that every picture by Sickert will always be an indisputable Sickert beyond cavil of connoisseurship. This means that he has a habitual personal vision, and that he has acquired the art of expressing it with nice assurance.

His vision is curiously detached, not only from the commonplace, utilitarian values of every-day life, but also—and herein lies his peculiarity and his limitation—from the values of the imaginative life. The particular harmony of muted tones that he seeks can be found in almost any scene, and if he attains his harmony of spacing, composition, color, and tone, he is satisfied. Things for him have only their visual values, they are not symbols, they contain no key to unlock the secrets of the heart and spirit. It is almost as if the fancy had taken him to believe, what its author never really did, Whistler's Ten o'clock.

But if we are content to accept this purely visual attitude, to forego the imaginative overtones of things, what a fine discretion, what a rare, almost precious quality Mr. Sickert's work possesses! The perfection and refinement of his taste is evident in the exquisite choice, none the less perfect that it seems to be half-unconscious, of the few tones of violet-grey, dull maroon, orange, and green, out of which he builds his color schemes. I can imagine him saying that he painted what he saw, but it is evident that a process of readjustment of all the tones takes place, whereby all sudden and sharp contrasts are eliminated and each tone takes its relative place in the peculiar sombre scheme which is personal to the artist.

The same taste, the same unemphatic discretion is apparent in his handling of paint. This always gives one the pleasure of a rapid and well-controlled handwriting with just that *désinvolture* which gives vitality and a distinction to an artist's style. Something of an attitude to life, a very unconscious and little defined one it is true, comes through the impassive mask of Mr. Sickert's imperturbable manner; an odd refusal to have any dealings with the material of romance, a persistent devotion to the banal and trivial situations of ordinary life, at times even an attraction for what is squalid. All this seems to belong to his supreme and splendid indifference to anything that does not concern the artistic vision in its most limited sense. One might, perhaps, build a philosophy even out of Mr. Sickert's negations, but I would prefer to leave the task to some German *Kunstforscher* of a remote future.

ROGER FRY.

Science.

AVIATION.

"The Aeroplane—Past, Present, and Future." By CLAUDE GRAHAM-WHITE and HARRY HARPER. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)

PROGRESSION through the air, commonly called "aviation," seems to call now for serious consideration as a practical means of travel, not only for pleasure but for business. Hence the collection of chapters on its various problems and characteristics, recently issued in the names

of Mr. Claude Graham-White and Mr. Harry Harper, is most welcome, since it affords what we must regard as authoritative data for judging of the real and practical value of airships and aeroplanes. A marked feature of this book is the honesty of its various writers. They are mostly great enthusiasts, but they are very frank in their presentation of the numerous kinds of accidents and dangers which belong to this new system of locomotion. It is for the public, after studying the facts and theories, to say whether or not the present features of aerial travel afford sufficient inducement to take "aviation" in any other than a mere spectacular form.

Let it be said at the outset that, at least in one direction, very great progress has been made within the course of a surprisingly short time. Some dozen years ago the brothers Wright—to whom surely the whole credit of the new departure must be assigned—were trying secret experiments in an unfrequented part of Ohio, and learning painfully the means of keeping aloft for two or three minutes, and travelling distances measured in yards instead of miles. They ultimately solved the first part of the problem: it is possible to keep in the air a heavy machine, employing no balloon principle, and to propel it at greater speeds than those of railway trains. A second part of the problem—and one even more essential to success—they did not solve; and, so far as we know, it remains now as remote from solution as ever, namely, the problem of automatic stability. It is not enough for an ocean steamer to be able to float and to run at a high speed: it must be stable for all kinds and magnitudes of displacements from its normal position, and happily the nature of the medium in which it floats reduces the human contribution to the problem to mere details of design. It is only by huge blunders of construction that instability could be conferred on a steamer, but it is quite otherwise with aerial craft. The air-ocean in which they move confers almost no automatic stability whatever; everything depends at every instant on the skill and the presence of mind of the pilot. The side heavings of the water-ocean have their analogue in sudden gusts of wind in the air-ocean; and, in the book before us, disasters, almost too numerous to count, are put down to "sudden gusts," against which there is no protection whatever. Hence we read with great surprise the statement of the writer (Colonel Capper) of Section VI., that "the question of automatic stability has been now partially, if not entirely, solved" (p. 180). While, then, great progress has been made as regards mere propulsion, the records of our morning papers are almost continuous testimonies of disaster resulting from the fact that the aeroplane is devoid of automatic stability. Nevertheless, it has become a commonplace axiom that passenger traffic with aeroplanes must be a complete success in the near future; and the throwing of doubt on this proposition is regarded as a proof of antiquated and unscientific thought. The sober truth is, however, that this sanguine expectation is by no means justified as regards aerial craft in anything like their present form, or depending on principles at present known. A list of possible causes of disaster is given in Section IV., and elsewhere, in this book. Among them we see the following: pilot's loss of control, failure of controlling mechanism, wind gusts, illness of pilot while flying, failure of motor. In some of these we can imagine infinite perfection attained, but the last seems to be a permanent possibility of disaster; and what remedy do the airmen propose for it? Either parachuting or "planing down" from an altitude of perhaps some thousands of feet over some area of land or sea which the pilot cannot select! The use of two or more engines instead of one may mean only the postponing of disaster. Yet we find that one enthusiast (Mr. A. V. Roe, p. 316) is confident that "before twenty years have passed we shall be crossing the Atlantic in about eighteen hours by aeroplane." In the analysis of the numerous cases of death, when all conceivable causes have been conjectured, we find the suggestion "that the wires controlling the wing-warp had jammed in some way," or the still more vague surmise that "something had gone wrong." At a recent meeting of the British Association, Professor G. H. Bryan, a mathematician

who had in very early days devoted much consideration to questions of stability in aerial flight, protested against the unscientific recklessness which led so many victims to sacrifice their lives; and he was treated to the cynical and cruel reply that "these are the men who are determining the constants!"

The airmen themselves can show a fine and sober contempt for reckless enthusiasts in other fields, and one of them signalises, with great justice, the annually recurring folly of the Swiss mountain-climbers. In truth, Alp-climbing and Pole-seeking are but two striking examples of human restlessness and folly, from which all pretence of scientific value has long since departed.

Even in its present spectacular form, aeroplaning receives, and must receive, support from War Lords and War Ministers, because no War-Purveyor can afford to neglect any advantage, however small, which it may confer, at any cost, however great. It is one of the necessities imposed upon the world by the rage of tooth and claw, with which Nature will never dispense. In this connection the section contributed by Colonel Capper may be commended very specially to the reader who desires a sober and reasoned account of the military service which aeroplanes can render, and of the means of counteracting their attacks. Another well-reasoned section is written by Mr. Charles Grey, who does not minimise the faults of the aeroplane, and who expresses a very limited satisfaction with rotary motors, the gyroscopic action of which is a serious cause of disaster.

As regards the successive stages of progress in aerial flight, the first real step forward consisted in the application of the petrol motor. The chief trouble of the early engines was their weight and unreliability; and although the adoption of the high-tension magneto helped to some extent, they were, on the whole, unsatisfactory. The year 1908 saw the advent of that mechanical freak, the Gnome motor, which seemed to have removed the difficulties of weight and over-heating. It suffers, however, from the serious drawback of a great consumption of petrol and lubricating oil. Its lubrication system must be rearranged before it can be a commercial success, as its consumption of oil is at present prohibitive. Another need is a machine of variable speed type. A "single speed" aeroplane which flies at eighty miles an hour will not leave the ground until it has reached a velocity of nearly a mile per minute, and some recent appalling disasters, in Paris and Vienna, among a crowd of spectators, show the seriousness of this defect. However, as the speed of the aeroplane increases, the safer it will become; but this will necessitate its being built much more strongly than it is at present, and of different materials. Such considerations as these justify the dangerous experimental work of the present airmen, and we are constrained to give due weight to their plea that in the early days of motoring the frequent breakdowns were due to failure of some part of the structure, and that it was not until many years had elapsed that the designers knew what materials to use and which designs were most suitable. But, as the aeroplane now exists, a reader of this book is almost driven to the conclusion that the number of possible causes of disaster is equal to the number of parts of which the machine consists; and he will be able to sympathise with Mr. Asquith who, on a recent occasion, when he and Mr. Balfour were invited to try an aerial flight, declined for himself on the ground that his "responsibilities are greater than those of the Leader of the Opposition."

G. M. MINCHIN.

Communications.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE—A PLEA FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the question of women's suffrage bids fair to enter upon the practical stage of politics, will you allow me to state a view of the matter which discloses, as I believe, the main difficulty felt not only by the majority of

the Liberal party but by the bulk of the nation, men and women alike? The demand for the vote on the part of active-minded women clearly involves no inconsistency either with our political past or with the developments of democratic government which lie ahead. The contention that woman is barred by nature from participation in electoral rights, which Mr. Asquith, for instance, appears to hold, is not, I think, assented to by most men and women, irrespective of political divisions. But we do believe, as Professor Hobhouse puts it in his timely essay on Liberalism, that "the problem of character is the determining issue in the question of government."

As electors, desiring to strengthen by every possible means the machinery by which democratic government in this country is conducted, we have to determine whether experience and observation lead us, at the present juncture, to a conclusion favorable to the women's claim. Judging by statements made by enthusiastic suffragists, it seems to be supposed that the mere claim is enough—that no duty rests upon the existing electorate to form a considered judgment as to whether this extension of the franchise is consistent with what individual electors regard as the common good. This is a view of the situation which no genuine Liberal can entertain. If we understand representative government at all, we realise that the electorate are themselves an integral part of it. Under our system of government, the electorate consists of those persons who, by their votes at the poll, represent popular opinion, in all its component parts, in the constituencies. Just as a member of Parliament represents, not only those who voted for him, but the whole constituency, so the electorate themselves are representative of the whole area. The suggestion, therefore, that an important constitutional matter like woman's suffrage is to be settled as a mere demand, irrespective of the electorate's judgment upon it, cannot be entertained by any man or woman who understands the rudiments of representative government. I leave aside the inquiry which instantly arises as to what authority this present Parliament possesses for proceeding with a Woman's Suffrage Bill of any character, but I do wish to insist upon a consideration, repeatedly lost sight of, that under any working conception of representative government the question of extending the suffrage to women requires the assent of the existing electorate. The attempt to divorce the electorate from responsibility cannot be furthered by Liberals worthy of the name.

Moreover, the demand for the suffrage must be considered as a representative claim. While it seems tolerably clear that the majority of women do not wish for the vote, that is not a fact which Liberals need take into account. The mere claim is not of the essence of the matter. The crucial point is whether, in the judgment of the electorate, this claim can be harmonised with the common good. We cannot enfranchise individuals, or sections of individuals, however devoted to the public weal. We are called upon to admit a sex as a sex to the electorate, and the fundamental question for the electorate is whether that sex, as a sex, is politically ready for the vote. Many men, some with long experience, have apparently answered this question in the affirmative; very many others with not less experience, and with as generous an attitude towards everything which concerns women, are gravely hesitating in their answer. This may be evidence of their sluggishness, as we are told, but personally I believe it to redound to their credit as electors, anxious to discharge their full responsibilities. No political movement can gain by ill-tempered sneers at people on whose judgment its success depends. I do not believe that this hesitation arises from querulousness, or from sex-prejudice. Sex-prejudice can become an irresistible motive, as certain aspects of the suffrage movement abundantly demonstrate; but men in general have too much practical good sense to be swayed by any such feelings. As electors, we are asked to regard woman as a politician. We respond to the invitation. We are now regarding woman as the politician we have found her to be, and by that experience we shall form our judgment as to whether she shall be admitted to the franchise. Sections of women, such as the professional and working women, will in the main pass the test, although some of us whose experience of political affairs is not confined to writing about them, may have to make special allowances. Mr. Asquith's thirty years' un-

paralleled experience does not appear to be reassuring. However, looking at woman in the main, within the circuit of our special experiences, we have to decide whether she is sufficiently familiar with political issues to be able to exercise, as an elector, an individual judgment at the poll. I notice that, realising the fundamental character of this question, suffragists, under academic and literary inspiration, attempt to avoid it by two arguments, each negating the other. On the one hand, they turn to John Stuart Mill's dictum that, to learn anything, men must practise. On this principle, I presume, their women-folk send dress material to dressmakers irrespective of the fact whether or not they are competent to make it up. According to the argument, as I understand it, the dressmakers can at least practise. Such are the practical absurdities reached by neglecting common-sense in the pursuit of an academic principle. There happen to be some things in this world as to which intelligent people usually expect competence to precede responsibility. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that in no sphere does this sound rule prevail with more applicability than in politics. When one reflects upon the ever-expanding range of electoral issues, one realises more strongly than ever the necessity of competence in the electorate. The second refuge of the academic suffragist is the retort that men have been enfranchised without regard to any such considerations—that the suffrage was extended, for instance, to the agricultural laborers without any inquiry as to their fitness as a class for the vote. As an old Parliamentary candidate who has come into touch with all grades of the electorate, I admit that some agricultural laborers are quite unfit to exercise the vote. Indeed, our chief political dangers arise, as I believe, from uninformed sections of the electorate. But I always thought that the usefulness of errors was to avoid them, and that succeeding generations marked their advance in good government by contriving not to repeat the discovered mistakes of their predecessors. According to the new political philosophy, it seems that when confronted by the mistake of a previous generation, such as is alleged to have occurred in the granting of the vote to agricultural laborers, our duty is carefully to understand the error and then repeat it. In short, the attempt to disregard the practical considerations raised by woman's demand for the vote is bound to miscarry with a democratic electorate, such as ours, of seven million men. To ask the electorate to come to the conclusion that the women of their acquaintance are either willing or prepared to exercise the franchise, is to receive at the present juncture an unfavorable reply. The limited Bill of the Conciliation Committee does not invalidate this conclusion; indeed, so far as Liberals are concerned, this particular Bill only sharpens opposition. But it is to be remembered that the Bill is at present a mere skeleton, and is introduced as such, while we can well understand Mrs. Fawcett's alarm at the prospect of this democratic bogey coming to life. I venture to repeat what you have allowed me to say before—the immediate work of the suffrage societies is so to educate politically the women of the country as to bring reasonable men to a favorable decision. This can only be accomplished by educational propaganda directed to creating amongst women an informal public opinion, which most men will cordially welcome. Professor Hobhouse says: "Those who effect a revolution ought to know whither they are leading the world. They have need of a social theory." When the suffragists of all ranks turn from a bare demand to an explanation of what the acceptance of that demand is intended to promote, their labors will begin to achieve success, and not before.—Yours, &c.,

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

Reform Club, Pall Mall.

July 1st, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE INSURANCE BILL AND THE DOCTORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your issue of this week you express in your article on "Insurance and the Doctors" a higher degree of sympathy with the attitude of the doctors towards the Bill

than you have previously permitted yourself to do. Will you, however, again allow me to point out that it does not seem that you have yet fully grasped the crux of the situation as regarded from the doctors' point of view—namely, their deep-rooted antipathy to "contract practice" at a capitation fee.

Now, you say that the formal undertaking by doctors not to serve under the Bill, except in accordance with the policy of the British Medical Association, is "entirely commendable," and you also say that "the particular requirements there demanded, Mr. George is quite willing to concede." Please allow me to point out that the fourth of the demands of the British Medical Association is that: "the method of remuneration of medical practitioners adopted by each Local Health Committee shall be according to the preference of the majority of the medical profession of the district of that Committee."

This means to anyone who cares to read between the lines a settlement on a basis, not of contract work at a capitation fee, but by payment for work done.

This requirement has not been agreed to by Mr. Lloyd George, and you ignore it altogether; while it is clear from their meetings throughout the country that to the medical profession it is vital. Though it is gratifying to find that your attitude towards the doctors has gained in sympathy, to evade this as you have done in your articles will not contribute towards a settlement containing elements of permanence.—Yours, &c.,

PETER MACDONALD, M.D.

Ouse Lea, York.

July 3rd, 1911.

[While our article approved the practice of collective bargaining by local doctors and the organisation of the profession for that purpose, it did not propose that each group of doctors should be allowed a statutory right to determine the method of remuneration in the locality. Nowhere else does the principle of collective bargaining carry such a right, nor could the authority administering the Insurance Scheme properly acknowledge such a right.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "Insurance and the Doctors" contends that contract practice is the creation of medical men themselves, and that they are, therefore, responsible for the situation which has arisen under the Insurance Bill. Unfortunately, this is, to a certain extent, true; but it is not the whole truth.

There are a large number of medical men, even in districts where contract practice largely prevails, who refuse to have part or lot in such work, believing it to be bad for themselves and bad for their patients. Further, there are whole districts, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, where medical men have completely checked the development of contract practice, and where the working classes are private patients and pay reasonable fees. Such men have a legitimate grievance when they see themselves threatened with a wide extension of a system which they have resolutely abjured.

It is much to be regretted that the Chancellor has taken, as the sole analogy on which to base his schemes, a system which is so opposed by the profession. Herein lies the main cause of the trouble which has arisen. And the basis of Friendly Society practice itself is inherently wrong. A member makes certain payments for the sickness benefits he shall receive, and these are actuarially adjusted to cover the risk involved, but the payments which he makes for medical benefits bear no relation to the risk involved; nor has any attempt ever been made to adjust them on a reasonable basis. If medical men choose voluntarily to accept such haphazard arrangements, they have only themselves to blame. But one might reasonably look for a more scientific basis when the fabric of a vast system of curative and preventive medicine is being raised under State auspices.

The tables on which the Insurance risks are calculated in the Bill are those of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows; but in estimating the medical benefits, one looks in vain for any reference to the sickness incidence of this Society. Now the average rate of sickness per member is 2.3 weeks a year; the lowest rate at the ages 20—24 stands at .9

weeks; at the ages 65—69 it stands at 10.59 weeks. Can it be pretended that a payment of 6s. covers such risks?

Such figures answer the letter of your correspondent "A." It is surely needless to point out the fallacy of arguing from his fortunate case without reference to others with a much more extended sickness incidence.

It is unfortunate that this matter has to be argued so much in terms of money. It is far more than merely a question of remuneration. Contract practice offers no inducement to scientific enthusiasm, puts no premium on self-development. I have heard a well-established practitioner say that it were better that a young man should cut off his right hand than that he should take club practice! Let the State system be such that it shall attract men to serve under it and stimulate them to give of their best for the improvement of the nation's well-being.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES PEARSE, M.D.

Trowbridge.

July 4th, 1911.

THE INSURANCE BILL AND THE EMPLOYER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To my mind, "Norlander" is wrong in thinking employers receive this Bill with good grace—they receive it, for the most part, like bad weather: not to be altered by bad language. What they realise is that in the long run the consumer must pay, and this means the working classes; at least, it is on the working classes that the hardship must fall. A small, or even large, rise in the price of commodities does not hurt the rich; it is the poor who feel it. They feel it as consumers, and, by an economic law which has never been recognised, they feel it as producers—for when subsistence is costly, wages tend downwards. Employers, however, are chiefly concerned how to remove the burden from themselves. And that is all I care about. In times of pressure it is every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. When times are better, we can all discuss philosophy. When securities depreciate and banks fail, *sauve qui peut!*—the unemployed among the rest.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. LAYCOCK.

9, Paradise Square, Sheffield.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The general idea with regard to the beneficial effect of State insurance from the point of view of the employer of labor is, I take it, that, by providing proper medical attendance and otherwise, the general efficiency of the worker will be increased, and that his services will thereby be of greater value to his employer. That being so, the employer should pay him higher wages for his work. If previous experience showed that higher wages immediately follow greater efficiency, there would be no reason why the employee should not pay the whole of the premium. But experience teaches us otherwise, and that part of the premium paid by the employer may be treated as an effort of the State to compel the employer to pay the extra wages due.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD F. JONES.

Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club.

WAGES AND EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. George Hookham quotes Henry George as saying: "Education increases the efficiency of the workman; therefore fewer men can do the work required; therefore education tends to unemployment, and so far, to the lowering of wages." He adds, "I know of no answer to this."

Our industrial history supplies a complete answer. Our working men are more efficient than they were forty, fifty, sixty years ago; they receive higher, not lower, wages, and they are far more numerous.

The fallacy of the argument to which Mr. Hookham knows of no answer lies in the supposition that "the work required" is a definite, fixed thing, whereas the total amount done by our workmen has increased, is increasing, and will increase.

Suppose we reverse Henry George, and quote George Henry, as arguing, "The more inefficient the workman is, the

more will be wanted to do the work, the greater must be the demand for workmen, the smaller the number of unemployed, and wages will tend to rise."

If this were accurate, there would be a plentiful lack of employers.

I have not the time that would be necessary to "exhibit the steps in the process by which education would raise wages." I can, however, assure him that there is to-day being done in Great Britain an enormous amount of work by highly-skilled, highly-paid men, which the less efficient men of my youth could not have done, no matter what wages they were paid.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BRUNNER.

Reform Club,
July 6th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have been very much startled by the letter of Mr. Hookham, who doubts whether education has improved the condition of the working classes, and he quotes the opinion of the late Mr. Henry George, that education increases efficiency, and causes fewer men to do the work required, and that education tends to unemployment.

My experience teaches me that this opinion is absolute nonsense. I may say that sixty years ago I commenced my apprenticeship, when I was 14 years of age, in my father's works here, and I served as an engineer, pattern-maker, turner, fitter, brass and iron moulder, draughtsman, cost clerk, cashier, and all through each department, until I became manager and proprietor. I worked from six o'clock in the morning until 6 p.m., and often to eight and ten o'clock at night for years.

I know and admire the Lancashire working man, and my observation leads me to this:—that the educated working man soon ceases to be a competitor with his fellows, for he generally becomes a foreman, sometimes a manager, and often eventually a master. If the educated workman remains a journeyman, if anything he is slower, but he does the best work and obtains the highest wages in the workshop. The uneducated man is a dear man, spoils castings, destroys material, and makes scrap, and is generally a man who is always making mistakes. He cannot read a drawing, and his inefficiency prevents his progress, and creates unemployment when trade is bad, for these men and the fuddlers are the first to be discharged. I am glad to say that drunkards are becoming very much fewer than they were in the past evil days.

I cannot see why education increases the output of the working man. He cannot do more turning work as a metal turner than the speed of the machine. He cannot do quicker planing; neither can he, as a laborer, do more work simply because of his education; but he can always do it with safety to himself and his fellows, and better. His training, if educated, gives him the full value of the knowledge of an inch, of the hundredth part and fractions of an inch, for it gives him the supreme microscopic quality to be able to work to template; but if anything, I think, and my experience tells me this, he produces far better work if educated but not so much of it, for fear of error reduces his speed.

The educated man is usually sober and respectable, and he obtains full value for his money at the shops. I believe in the old system of apprenticeship, and all boys who go to the Technical Evening Classes three times a week have their fees paid by my firm.

The art of spending leisure rationally is the divine gift and ministry of education, and the thousands of people—the best class of working folk chiefly—who, with their wives and families, spend their holidays at the seaside in the summer, are evidences of this. A visit to Blackpool or Douglas this month or the next will drive away any despair about our future industrial position; indeed, fair traders may visit these places with advantage.

A stern chase is a long chase, and the German Technical School has created in recent years workmen equal to our own in England, and sometimes better. The Technical Schools throughout the length and breadth of our land are doing excellent work of national importance and value. It is cheering to know that in the Manchester Municipal Schools of Technology and Commerce there are 5,248 scholars in the day and evening classes, and at the Salford Municipal

Technical School there are 2,000. The result of this good work is coming; indeed, we are in the midst of it. I sometimes think that the cultivation of the imagination is more important than the mere knowledge of the multiplication table, that the poet, the music maker, the dreamer of dreams, and the inventor are one, the result being chiefly the question of environment and position in life. I have little doubt that if Shakespeare had been born in Manchester in the eighteenth or nineteenth century, he would have been the greatest mechanical inventor that the world has ever seen.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. BAILEY.

Albion Works, Salford, Manchester.
July 5th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you permit me a few lines to point out how very short-sighted Mr. Hookham is when, in his letter in this week's "Nation," he says he is unable to see how education of the working classes is going to improve their conditions.

Mr. Henry George's statement that education leads to fewer laborers, and so to unemployment and lower wages, is good as far as it goes, but, surely, we must consider the advantages of an educated vote in place of an uneducated one.

When so large a proportion of the voters are workers and laborers, surely their education will lead to an intelligent vote, sound social improvement and so, indirectly, to the improved conditions and wages of the laborer.

Mr. George's views may be entirely true of an absolute monarchy, but surely not of a country like England where the vote is so largely democratic.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

East Sheen, July 1st, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am in hearty agreement with "A. B. C.'s" plea in your last issue for universal compulsory education up to fifteen. But it seems to me that he confuses two issues in his letter, viz., (1) the development of the educational ladder; (2) the raising of the standard of general education. I cannot lay claim to a very complete knowledge of German conditions, but I should be inclined to think that, as regards the educational ladder, England is probably on the whole ahead of Germany. The division between classes is more rigid in Germany than here. I doubt whether the facilities to enable a German workman's son or daughter to obtain a university education are equal to our systems of junior county (or city) scholarships to secondary schools (sometimes with bursaries attached), leading to scholarships at the University. In fact, the whole tendency of our educational system at the present moment seems to be to extract the best brains from the working class without raising the standard of education of the average boy or girl who is destined to mind a machine during the whole of his or her industrial life. Our system of technical education especially caters for the boy who is going to be a foreman, rather than for the average boy.

The development of the educational ladder causes increased competition for the higher posts in some professions. But the tendency to a deduction of the remuneration for such posts caused by this increased competition is not likely to be great. And it may be counteracted by the fact that the higher ranks of society, as a whole, are obtaining an increasing proportion of the whole national "surplus" (using the word in Mr. J. A. Hobson's sense). In any case the improvement of the education of the average boy and girl (particularly by the raising of the school leaving age to fifteen) is, at the present moment, a more urgent (because a more neglected) problem than the much discussed educational ladder.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK HILLERSDON.

Roundhay, Leeds.
June 28th, 1911.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH GUIANA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Perhaps the most momentous factor in the history of the twentieth century will be the rise of the South

American continent to a position of paramount importance in the world. Its vast mineral and other resources await the surplus populations of Europe and Asia. With the growth of State control and State ownership among the more civilised nations, it is only too likely that this continent will become a place of refuge for many of those capitalists whose greed is greater than their patriotism. Is our one possession in South America to serve the same sinister purpose as the semi-barbarous republics which are its neighbors, or shall it offer to them an example of administrative efficiency and public morality? This question must now be decided, for the rubber boom has broken for ever the age-long silence of the Guiana forest.

The area of British Guiana is somewhat larger than that of Great Britain. Its people, who number about 300,000, are mainly African and Asiatic, and live almost entirely in the mud flats along the coast, where the sugar industry has for many generations survived—but not without a murmur—the repeated blows of fortune. The interior, which is hilly, and is inhabited by wild beasts and a few comparatively tame aborigines, consists principally of dense tropical bush, and is intersected by numerous rivers. The soil is suitable, in parts, for the cultivation of Para rubber.

The first big step in the development of the Hinterland of this Colony will probably be the construction of a railway in the direction of the Brazilian frontier. Is it to be a State railway or not?

"If," said Sir Charles Dilke, in his book on the British Empire, "it is worth spending five millions on a railroad leading to Uganda, it might be worth spending a quarter of a million on the development of the back country of British Guiana, which is probably of far greater value than Uganda, or any of the countries in the neighborhood of Uganda."

The finances of the Colony will not admit of any considerable State enterprise being undertaken without the assistance of the Imperial Government, and if this is not forthcoming, the Colonial Government must stand aside and give a free hand to the new rubber and ballata companies, whose agents may now be seen in the streets of Georgetown. It must arrange for private capitalists to build the railway, and it can only do so by granting them an enormous amount of the Crown Lands.

It is to be feared that the adoption of a Socialistic policy would not commend itself to the doctrinaire democrat, for it would probably involve a curtailment of the powers of the "Combined Court," an assembly which controls the finances and which has a majority of elective members. In a country of this kind, unfortunately, *democratic institutions mean plutocracy*. That is the essence of the situation.

The electorate is quite incapable of understanding any political principles, or any intelligent policy, while the well-to-do classes—English, Portuguese, colored, and black—from which the elected members are drawn, have their own business interests to consider, and are not more altruistic than similar classes elsewhere. The Governor and the Commissioner of Lands and Mines are constantly denounced in vague but virulent terms by all classes and colors because they will not concede everything which the company-promoters demand; and if the Colony is not to become a happy hunting-ground for shady speculators, some action must be taken by the Imperial Government without too considerate a regard for the clamor of local politicians.

In this Colony, where great natural resources are still untouched by private capital, we have an interesting opportunity of showing to what extent the evils of land monopoly may be avoided. The exponents of orthodox political economy have pointed out the "economic perfection" of the system of land tenure which exists in a large part of India, where the land is owned by the Government, and the advantages derived from an increase in its value are consequently shared by the whole community. If the interior of British Guiana were opened up by means of a State railway, the same system might be established there, provided that the Administration were in a position to disregard the attitude of the elective section of the Combined Court.

We may suppose, for the sake of argument, that in the distant future the masses of the Colony will become sufficiently civilised to work out their own salvation. But if we wait until that desirable result of our educational policy is reached, the reactionary conditions which might have been

avoided will have become accomplished facts; and the concession-hunters will be firmly established in possession of the land.—Yours &c.,

LELAND BUXTON.

ENGLISH PROVERBS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Permit me to point out what seems an error in your interesting article on Proverbs. Near the end, two texts of Scripture are quoted as proverbs. One of them, "Take no thought for the morrow," has been miserably misunderstood for several hundred years, to the detriment of the English character. The Greek word, Matth. vi., 34., viz., *μη μεριμνήσητε εἰς τὴν αὔριον* is rightly translated in the Revised Version, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow." Now, the way to be anxious, to be in perplexity, is to neglect thrift. Providing for the rainy day is the way to avoid anxiety.

Unfortunately, just as the word "anxious" has been introduced into the Sacred Book, the people have formed the odious fashion of saying, "I am anxious to see you to-morrow," meaning, I should like to see you.—Yours &c.,

Harpenden.

T. WILSON.

THE HOLMES-MORANT CIRCULAR AND SCHOOLS OF ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The effect of the policy indicated in the Holmes-Morant circular is now affecting technical art schools in an accelerated degree. Local authorities are beginning to choose Oxford men who possess no qualifications in art education for the principalships of schools of art. The London County Council has recently recommended an appointment of this kind, which shows the need for an immediate investigation into the conditions of art education, and I hope that Mr. Asquith will create the Royal Commission which he has been memorialised to do.

What are the facts? Since the retirement of Mr. Armstrong from the Art Directorship, over twelve years ago, there has been no Art Director at the Board of Education. Art instruction has been wholly controlled by inexperienced officials, who have not brought to the work the specialised knowledge which the subject demands. This is the deep-rooted cause of all the trouble, the canker which is sapping the vitality of the whole system. Moreover, the Board's officers have deliberately advocated the imitation of this bad example to local authorities, some of whom have followed it by appointing local directors who possess no knowledge of art instruction. This duality of incompetent authority is an incubus which has paralysed the initiative of head masters, checked originality, and, in conjunction with the registration and examination regulations, has caused the work to sink into a dull and barren routine.

The only persons in the Board's offices, who can be said to possess a knowledge of art, are the Art Inspectors, who have no administrative powers, and whose advice, we are compelled to believe, is often ignored.

EXAMINATIONS.

That examinations are unnecessary as tests of artistic ability is evident. The every-day exercises worked by art students unmistakably reveal their powers or weaknesses, their knowledge or ignorance. In fact, every work of art is a revelation of the mind and character of its author; our Royal Academicians are not selected by examinations, but are elected on the strength of their exhibited works.

Seeing no advantage to their careers in these examinations, and knowing the bad reputation and unreliability of them as tests, students are reluctant to work for them. But the results, being used by the Board as a measure of the schools' efficiency, in assessing the grants, education authorities have, in most cases, made them more or less obligatory on students. This has brought unpopularity on the schools and done incalculable damage.

THE TEACHER'S FORM IV.

The present system of registration is complicated and exhaustive, it consists of three sets of registers for each subject or course, with numerous cross entries, and is governed by over fifty regulations. The registers were im-

posed on the schools without notice. The enormous amount of clerical work entailed in the preparation of these registers diminishes the time and weakens the energy which teachers can give to teaching. They not only impose an intolerable burden upon teachers, but they deprive the students of much of the teacher's best services, causing enormous waste of teaching power. Is this fair to the students, who are not in any way benefited by registration, either good or bad? However complete and costly the machinery of the school may be, it is wasted if the teacher becomes a blunt tool. This notorious system of registration is a striking example of the evils that can be set up by a system devised by an official who is not an expert in this branch of specialised education.

The combined influence of registration and examination has forced head masters to divide and teach art in "water-tight compartments," creating arbitrary divisions, where none should exist; and teaching, as separate subjects, divisions so intimately related and interdependent as to be virtually varieties of the same thing, demanding treatment as a comprehensive whole. In art there should be no subdivisions except those dictated by the specific requirements of different industries.

APPOINTMENT OF INSPECTORS.

The art inspectors are rarely selected from amongst the most capable members of the art teaching profession—who by training and experience are the only men really fitted for the work—but are often filled by transference of officials of inferior qualifications from other departments of the Board.

THE REMEDY.

These evils have been growing for years. With the advent of machinery into artistic production, the need for reform has become imperative and urgent, and the demand for artistic efficiency at Whitehall cannot be much longer ignored. The only adequate remedy is the institution of a separate department for art at the Board of Education, administered by an art director who is gifted with sufficient ability—organising and administrative—and who possesses the indispensable qualification of being an expert in art education—by means of long and successful experience in both teaching and the organisation of art schools. He should be vested with sufficient authority to enable him to re-organise the industrial art education of the country on satisfactory lines. There should also be an advisory council composed of eminent manufacturers and art teachers. Until these measures are adopted, the waste of money and energy will continue, the system will remain futile and inept, and our workers in the artistic industries will continue to be placed at a disadvantage in competition with their foreign rivals.—Yours, &c.,

HEAD MASTER.

"HALLELUJAH CÆSAR."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A review appeared in your issue of June 10th on "General Booth and the Salvation Army," by Mr. A. M. Nicol. That gentleman had been in the inner circle. He was for three years first foreign secretary and then editor-in-chief of the periodical literature of the Army. Mr. Nicol virtually alleges that failure, writ large, might be inscribed on the banner of the Salvation Army, from an economic, social, and religious point of view. I "hae ma doots."

I cannot speak of the Army in France and Italy, in Spain and in Africa, in the Old World as in the New, but I can testify as to the second industrial city in Britain, and the largest industrial centre in the North of Scotland. In these, the Army puts not a little of the joy of life into the hearts of the most depraved, and elevates a portion of the lapsed masses in the social, moral, and religious scale.

Some years ago, one or more murders occurred regularly at the New Year holidays in Glasgow. A reporter of the "Glasgow Herald" had to report three murders on one occasion at that period. Several years elapsed without a murder. The reporter directed the attention of the superintendent of the eastern division of the city to this satisfactory state of matters, and asked to what he attributed it. The Superintendent replied that he could not attribute it to anything else than the Salvation Army. Crime, he said, was

rampant, and murders not infrequent, when he first went to the division, but now that was changed, and the condition of the worst classes improved. That was due, he believed, to nothing else than the operations of the Salvation Army.

The reporter used to scoff at General Booth, but his scoffing was turned to prayer. A typical Scotsman—cautious, prudent, and Calvinistic in creed (they are still the salt of Scotland)—took the scoff out of him. Said he to the reporter: "Do you not remember that Jesus Christ, when on earth, was scoffed at, reviled, and rebuked? May it not be that, two or three centuries hence, the people will regard General Booth as a prototype of Jesus Christ, and as a savior of men in the twentieth century?"

Mr. John Carmichael, chief constable of Dundee, states that the police work in so close connection with the Salvation Army at the present time, and derive such an amount of valuable assistance from them in dealing with the lower strata of criminal life, that the police authorities really do not know what they would do without the Army. Their officers are in constant attendance in the police and other courts. They are ever ready to take in hand any homeless, erring creatures, irrespective of religion, creed, or country, and extend every help to them. There may be seen, from time to time, in the ranks of the Salvation Army in the city, persons of both sexes who had been habitual criminal offenders, and who had been frequently in the police cells. The reclamation of such individuals was not temporary, but was of long standing, though it is fair to state that there were lapses in some cases.

Similar testimony, there is not the slightest doubt, could be had from the Chief Constables of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Weak spots there may be, but it is as impossible to prove an intransigent indictment against the whole operations and results of the Salvation Army as against a nation.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS OGILVY.

Baldovan Terrace, Dundee.

Poetry.

A YOUNG FARMER TO AN OLD TUNE.

The bearded barley, it grows so high,
When the wind comes from the South;
And it whispers, whispers close to my ear
With the slow, soft voice of my darling:
Along the edge of the field I lie,
And chew young grasses in my mouth.
Oh, it brings the sweetest time of the year,
The wind that shakes the barley.

'Tis good to stretch, and to watch the sky,
While waiting for my dear;
The birds are moving among the corn,
The finch, the crow, and the starling:
A thousand times I think she is nigh,
Tho' 'tis but rustling stalks I hear.
Oh, she's the wind o' the summer morn,
The wind that shakes the barley.

The barley bends when the wind comes by
With the swish of silken dresses,
The rippling fields, far off and near,
Are laughing like my darling;
I turn my head, and she is nigh
To greet me with caresses.
Oh, it brings the sweetest time of the year—
The wind that shakes the barley.

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. VII. "Cavalier and Puritan." (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)
- "The Life of Sir Joseph Banks." By Edward Smith. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Highways and Hedges." Painted by Berenger Benger. Described by Herbert A. Morrah. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "A New Rome." By Richard de Bary. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Poems of Men and Hours." By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)
- "Life and Letters of Sir John Hall." By S. M. Mitra. (Longmans. 16s. net.)
- "In Search of Egeria: Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton." By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)
- "Queed." By H. S. Harrison. (Constable. 6s.)
- "Le Romantisme et la Mode." Par Louis Maigrion. (Paris: Champion. 10 fr.)
- "Les Grandes Mystifications Littéraires." Par Augustin Thierry. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Les Résignées." Roman. Par Bernard Barbery. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

FOR some years past Mr. J. L. Hammond and Mrs. Hammond have been engaged upon a history of the treatment of the English poorer classes by the ruling class in the days when the landed aristocracy had the most complete monopoly of power. The first part of their history, which deals with the agricultural laborer from 1750 to 1830, will be published during the autumn, and is certain to be a contribution of great value to English social and economic history. The writers have given a good deal of attention to the actual procedure of enclosure, a subject upon which there is singularly little information to be got from any published history.

ANOTHER feature of their book will be a full account of the agricultural rising of 1830 in the South of England. This rising has been dismissed by most historians in a few pages, though Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his recent book on the Wiltshire shepherds, has shown that the tradition and memories of that rising and of its punishment still linger in the Wiltshire Downs. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond tell the story from the contemporary newspaper reports and from Home Office papers only now accessible.

"PILGRIM MAN" is the title of a volume by Mr. W. Scott Palmer, to be published during the month in Messrs. Duckworth's "Roadmender" series. The aim of the writer, whose former volumes have won attention by their fresh and independent treatment of religious problems, is to give some account of man's search for his true self by the aid of science, philosophy, religion, and the common life, and to point out the change that has been made in our view of his pilgrimage by recent developments in philosophy and science, especially as they influence our views about religion.

A BIOGRAPHY of Sir George Newnes has been written by Miss Hulda Friederichs, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Sir George Newnes's career as the founder and proprietor of several journals, and his later experiment in publishing, will supply plenty to interest people of a bookish turn of mind.

THE Oxford University Press is about to publish "Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." It contains a biography of Dr. Furnivall by Mr. J. J. Munro, which gives some interesting facts about the literary history of the last century, and contributions from forty-nine of Dr. Furnivall's friends. These latter number Dr. Henry Bradley, Dr. Stopford Brooke, Professor Dowden, Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir Sidney Lee, Professor W. P. Ker, Sir James Murray, Professor A. W. Pollard, and many others.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, a second edition of whose biography of Mr. Bernard Shaw has just been announced, is engaged upon a study of contemporary

American fiction, which will appear at first in one of the leading French reviews and afterwards in book form. Among the novelists to be included in the volume are Mr. W. D. Howells, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Robert Herrick, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Miss Ellen Glasgow, Mr. R. W. Chambers, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

MONTAIGNE's name has always had a pleasant sound in English ears, and as far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century Peter Coste wrote that the famous essayist was more popular here than in his native country. This may be due in part to the rich and imaginative style of Florio's translation. Re-issues of that work continue to appear at frequent intervals, and a great many English writers have given us studies and appreciations of Montaigne. A fresh addition to books of this class will be Miss Edith Sichel's "Montaigne," to be published next week by Messrs. Constable. It will embody the facts brought to light by M. Bonnefon and other writers who have largely added to our knowledge of Montaigne's life. The "Essays" are usually regarded as a man's rather than a woman's book, but Miss Sichel is not the only woman who has felt the attraction of that "livre de bonne foi." Mrs. M. E. Lowndes has written an excellent biography of Montaigne, and Miss Grace Norton's studies are familiar to students.

THE quattrocentenary of Giorgio Vasari's birth falls on July 30th, and will be celebrated by the issue of some handsome editions of the "Lives of the Painters." Mr. Gaston de Vere has made a fresh translation of the work, and this, edited by Mr. Edward Hutton and Mr. F. Mason Perkins, will be published in ten volumes, with a large number of illustrations, by the Medici Society. Dr. Karl Frey, who is editing the Vasari manuscripts in the archives of Count Spinelli in Florence, is also preparing an edition of the "Lives" to be published by Müller, of Munich.

A VOLUME of theatrical reminiscences, to be published by Messrs. Mills and Boon in the autumn, will be "Sixty-eight Years on the Stage," by Mrs. Charles Calvert. Mrs. Calvert has had a wide experience of the stage, particularly of the playing of Shakespeare in Manchester and the provinces, and her memoirs should throw some interesting light on the history of the Victorian drama.

MR. A. E. ZIMMERN's "The Greek Commonwealth," shortly to be published by the Clarendon Press, contains a study of the political and economic life of ancient Athens, and furnishes material which will enable the reader who is not a specialist to revise some of the traditional estimates of Athenian civilisation.

TWO books that have a good deal to say about the North American Indians are to be published by Messrs. Putnam in the early autumn. "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage" is a story of travel and exploration undertaken many years ago by the author, Mrs. C. A. Strahorn, in company with her husband. Nearly every highway in the United States, from the Missouri to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, was passed over, and many glimpses are given of life in the traditional West, with its marauding bands of Indians and outlaws, its old stage coaches, and its vast tenantless plains and mountains. The other volume, "Old Indian Trails," is also by a woman, Mrs. Mary Schäffer. It describes a journey in the wildest part of the Canadian Rockies, where there are few white men, and Indian encampments are the only signs of human inhabitants.

THE novels to be published during the present month include "The Innocence of Father Brown," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, from Messrs. Cassell; "The Country of the Blind," by Mr. H. G. Wells, from Messrs. Nelson; "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and "The Long Roll," by Miss Mary Johnston, from Messrs. Constable; "The Glory of Clementina Wing," by Mr. W. J. Locke, from Mr. Lane; "The Queen's Fillet," by Canon Sheehan, from Messrs. Longmans; "The Dawn of All," by Father Robert Benson, from Messrs. Hutchinson; and a new novel by Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, from Messrs. Methuen.

Reviews.

THE SCOTTISH MUSE.

"The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse." Selected and Edited by W. MACNEILE DIXON. (Meiklejohn and Holden. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Book of Scottish Poetry." Chosen and Edited by Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE man who sets out to make an anthology of Scottish poetry must obviously start with the presumption that Scottish poetry is a thing, if not radically, then at least clearly, differentiated from English poetry; and next, he must settle in his own mind what it is exactly that causes the difference. The reader to whom Scottish poetry means just Burns and a few ballads, will probably think the problem a good deal less troublesome than it really is. "What is Scottish poetry?" asks Professor MacNeile Dixon, one of the anthologists whose works we are considering; and he finds it necessary to expound his answer in an introduction of several pages. It is not a very conclusive answer, and it is not made any more precise by studying the character of his collection. But evidently it is the answer that appeals to Scotsmen; for we find Sir George Douglas making an anthology, different in detail, of course, from Professor Dixon's, but in general character exactly similar. It is always convenient to return as large and as vague an answer as possible to a subtle question; and in this case to do so has the additional merit of enabling Scotland to show that her poetic anthology can compare, bulk for bulk, if not value for value, with the usual anthologies of English poetry. That, no doubt, will seem very desirable to Scottish nationalist sentiment; but the person who reads poetry simply because it is poetry, and not because it is Scottish or English, cannot help perceiving that both these anthologies attain the bulk, say, of "The Oxford Book of English Verse," only by the inclusion of a lot of remarkably poor stuff.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise? For the Oxford collection already gives us, with a few questionable exceptions, all that is of supreme excellence in Scottish poetry; and both Professor Dixon and Sir George Douglas have to make up the required weight by allowing national sentiment to replace fastidious criticism. It might almost be argued that neither of these anthologies has any very certain reason for existence. From the point of view of pure literature (and it would be backed up by philology and ethnology), Scottish poetry cannot be at all profoundly differentiated from English poetry. Even the Scots vernacular verse is merely a branch of English literature, written in a tongue that is only one of the many English dialects (the "Anglian" dialect, in the sense that Dorset is the "Saxon" dialect); and written by men who belong to the English race, men who are rather less Celtic, in blood as well as spirit, than the inhabitants of half-a-dozen counties of England. If we may set up Scottish vernacular poetry as something really differing from English poetry, as poetry of the "langue d'oïl" differed from that of the "langue d'oc," or even, as some would like to think, as Italian differs from French, then we might with equal propriety separate such dialect verse as that of William Barnes from the rest of English poetry. Of course, it is impossible; from the purely literary standpoint, Burns was, as well as Barnes, a maker of English poetry. Of the three main divisions of the English language, Northern English, or "Anglian," was long the paramount; the people who used it were intellectually pre-eminent over the rest of the island, and they stretched from Aberdeen to Doncaster. This branch was succeeded by Western English, or "Saxon"; and finally the hegemony passed to Midland English, or "Mercian," which became, mainly through the genius of Chaucer, the standard speech. But the process of political events kept Northern English in its old supremacy over one region, the Lowlands of Scotland; and the literature in it there written has been fairly continuous. Even there, however, except in popular songs, the standard English at last prevailed for intellectual purposes; the Northern English became a dialect, and needed a Burns to revive it as the supremely poetic medium it had been in the days of Dunbar. The Western English which Barnes revived is, on the other hand, only a respectable medium; and that is probably due, not only to the fact that Barnes was vastly below Burns as a poet, but

also to its immensely long intellectual disuse. Since the great days of Wessex, through all the changes of its form, it has never been anything but a dialect; whereas the speech of Dunbar could not by any means be called a dialect.

But suppose Dunbar himself had been asked, "What is Scottish poetry?" We know what his answer would have been. He called himself an "Inglis" poet, because he both wrote in "Inglis" and felt himself to be carrying on the tradition of English poetry. A Scottish poet to him would have been a Highlander—one who wrote in Gaelic, an "Erschewan"—a detestable creature, in Dunbar's opinion. And this, given with more urbanity, would also be the answer of philology and ethnology. But such an answer would certainly not do for the maker of a Scottish anthology; although, having rejected it, it is difficult to find another satisfactory and common-sense answer. For, in spite of political cleavage, there has never been any profound spiritual cleavage between English literature and Lowland Scots vernacular or not. Some differences in them are easily perceptible—it could not be otherwise. They are due to such circumstances as locality, nationalist sentiment, social or religious organisation; but they are not enough to make a distinct literature. Still less is there any great difference of poetic manner. The early Scottish poets show, as has often been remarked, a more intimate and modern feeling for Nature and a richer imagery of color than the early English poets. But this is simply a stage in the development of English literature as a whole; the poets who are usually compared in the matter are not contemporaries.

Nevertheless, though the work of the Scottish poets (excluding the "Erschewen") is only to be considered as a branch of the main stem of English poetry, there are enough characteristics common to the major portion of it to make that portion, gathered together, a fairly homogeneous body of poetry, representing a continuous spiritual history. This is what most people would call "Scottish poetry"; though there would hardly be place in it for the work of such undeniable Scotsmen as Drummond or Campbell or either James Thomson or John Davidson. The outstanding names in such a body of Scottish poetry would be Barbour, Henryson, Dunbar, Lindsay, Burns, Lady Nairn, James Hogg, Scott, Tannahill, Allan Cunningham, Stevenson, and perhaps Mr. Neil Munro; and, of course, there would be the ballads and the anonymous lyrics. Such a series of Scottish poems would certainly make a most interesting volume—though it would not be so bulky as "The Oxford Book of English Verse." What the Scottish spirit really has done in poetry would then be evident before us in a much more complete fashion than in the usual anthologies drawn from the whole of English poetry. But no such precise selection appears either in Professor Dixon's or in Sir George Douglas's anthology. The aim in both books seems to have been the collection of the greatest possible number of poems written by Scotsmen; and that certainly does not mean the greatest possible number of Scottish poems. "Hohenlinden," "The Seasons," "The City of Dreadful Night," and "The Ballad of a Nun," cannot by any sensible person be considered as Scottish poems. However, if the inclusion of such poems, or parts of them, pleases Scottish patriotism, perhaps we have no real reason to complain; even though thereby the Scottish spirit is so diluted that large tracts of both anthologies seem no more Scottish than any ordinary anthology.

But what really is regrettable is that a desire to present a very large army of Scottish poets to the reader has sometimes prevented both anthologists from doing justice to the few available poets who belong to the first rank. In any case, it is impossible to see why the clattering mechanical verse and stupid mechanical humor of Lord Neaves should appear in Professor Dixon's collection; or why Sir George Douglas should trouble to print the insupportable flatulence of Home's miserable tragedy, "Douglas"—unless the title of the play appealed to his family pride. But when a great quantity of third-rate stuff, of which the instances mentioned are only flagrant specimens, is allowed to displace admirable poetry which any nation might be proud to own, then one would certainly say that Scottish patriotism is doing itself no good thereby. It may not be easy to regard Drummond, of Hawthorne-Denue, as a Scottish poet; but if he is to appear, surely he should appear at his best. Yet neither

Professor Dixon nor Sir George Douglas gives his best short poem, the fine madrigal on Death, "the Nimrod fierce"; and neither gives his best long poem, the astonishing apocalyptic fragment, "The Shadow of the Judgment," or his best religious poem, the "Hymn of the Ascension." To be sure, none of these poems fall in with the usual notion of Drummond the "elegant" sonneteer, but it is not the business of anthologies to corroborate the notions of the literary textbooks. We could, again, have spared several half-poets, if we could have had in both collections a good deal more of Alexander Smith; for it certainly is the business of anthologists to break away where necessary from the opinions of the day; and Alexander Smith is a much better poet than he is commonly reckoned to-day.

Nothing is easier than picking holes in an anthology. What possessed Professor Dixon to leave out that incomparable piece of whimsical gramary, "The Brownie of Blednoch"? Why does Sir George Douglas give only three unattached verses of "The Queen's Marie"? Nearly every reader will have some such indignant question to ask; but the main value of an anthology is not much affected by scattered omissions and mutilations. In the case of a Scottish anthology, the main value of the book is easily assessed, for Scottish poetry conveniently arranges itself into three giant peaks of achievement, towering easily above the flats and foothills in between. These three great peaks are William Dunbar, the ballads, and Robert Burns; and the principal business of a Scottish anthology must be to show these three "mounts of vision" in their true supremacy. Burns, of course, is in no danger of being deprived of his right stature. In both these books his representation is fairly satisfactory; though it is a little curious that in neither collection is there anything out of what is in many ways Burns's most splendid performance, "The Jolly Beggars"; and Sir George Douglas further amazes us by omitting "Holy Willie," and putting in "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The magnificent poetry of the ballads, too, comes out sufficiently in both books. Dunbar remains; he is the crucial test. Professor Dixon gives him fifty pages, and the choice made of his works is a wise one, the choice of one who perceives where lies Dunbar's unquestionable greatness. Sir George Douglas, on the other hand, gives him only a little more than twenty pages, containing but five poems; and that is altogether inadequate. A Scottish anthology which, even though it does justice to Burns and the ballads, fails to exhibit properly the large music, the intensity of feeling, the bitter humor, the tragic solemnity, of William Dunbar—an anthology which so fails stands thereby condemned. The uncertainty of taste which keeps cropping up throughout Sir George Douglas's collection here makes its most conspicuous mistake. It is true that he includes Dunbar's two best-known poems, the two allegories, and also "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," that wildest and grimmiest of all medieval visions of hell, and the superb "Lament for the Makers." But he has rejected a good dozen of poems which cannot by any real judge of poetry be reckoned as anything but work of the highest and noblest quality; and presumably they were rejected to make room for his dreary cohorts of eighteenth and nineteenth century poetasters. This is very regrettable; for Dunbar, in spite of his splendid melody and fantastic and passionate thought—in spite, too, of the fact that he is no harder to read than Chaucer—is very little known, and one looks to such books as Sir George Douglas's anthology for the increasing of modern acquaintance with him. That increase, however, will almost certainly result from Professor Dixon's collection; for it is a book that does fulfil the primary purpose of a Scottish anthology. If it takes rather too much account of the flats and foothills, the three "glory-smitten summits" do stand up therein in unmistakable stature.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

"Adventures in Prose." By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD.
(Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.)

"Studies in Arcady." By R. L. GALES. (Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.)

THE saying that the beautiful is hard lies at the basis of all art, and the cause of beauty's difficulty is found in the other Greek saying that there are many wrong roads, but only one right. Before every artist lies an infinite labyrinth of

choice, and through that infinity he must discover and follow the one little clue which alone reveals the right path for him. The least uncertainty, the least deviation, the least fumbling or bungling, and he is lost. He may reach one point or another, but he will never reach the beautiful. He will wander ineffectually, and the wilder his struggles, the further he may roam from the one little track he has missed. What perfection of incommunicable instinct is required to find it! What delicacy of sense, what energy of life and devoted training! That is why the beautiful is hard, and artists few.

Throughout his life the artist's difficulty continues. At every effort the incalculable labyrinth opens before him and the single choice has to be made. Each thought is a fresh starting place foreboding peril, and he approaches each new stage of his journey as a novice. Exigent in all arts, this law of difficulty is most exigent in the essay. In the essay there are few or no rules to guide the artist even fairly straight. Subject and treatment extend before him like unlimited and trackless oceans. Somehow he must find a way through them, and for him only one way can be right. In no art is the choice more difficult and a mistake more disastrous. In no art is Carlyle's saying more true, that a man should be judged, not by what he says, but by what he does not say. In the essay how quickly—how instantly—the vulgar, the slovenly, the insensitive, the unimpassioned mind betrays itself! That is the chief reason why, though artists of all kinds are necessarily few, we in this country can count two goods poets and ten good novelists for each good essayist. That is the chief reason, though there may be commercial reasons as well.

To the essayist who has come safely through these innumerable perils, finding his thin-spun clue and clinging to it with assurance, what a welcome we should, then, extend! And here we have two of the best before us. We say they are of the best all the more securely because our readers will recognise many of the chapters in both volumes as old friends. Both writers are true essayists, and that rare excellence implies much in common. It implies an acute sensitiveness, a breadth of interest and tolerance, a sympathy abundant as the sea, combined with the dignity of restraint. All true essayists have that much in common. But, though every art reveals the artist's personality, none reveals it so quickly and certainly as the essay. For the essay does not merely involve a personal aspect; it is the personal aspect. And so these two volumes reveal personalities alike only in excellence, but noticeably divergent in character and life.

Readers who will learn the essayist's personality only from his book will find at once in Mr. Brailsford's volume a mingled temperament, art-loving, nature-loving, sympathetic, but ironic through experience of evil, and trained to use in hard schools of thought and action. In the expression, the aspect of things, and the small glimpses of autobiography, they will discover a nature bred for the most part in Scottish manse, in Scottish schools and universities, untrammelled by the "form" of our public schools, accustomed to take his own line, fearless of tradition or authority, exercised in a stern religion and a profound metaphysic, dwelling habitually among the "grave livers" of whom Wordsworth spoke, but conscious all the time that he was an alien in the land, that his being required a more beautiful atmosphere than a Scottish Sabbath, and that as he went south to the sun and trees and happier manners of England, he was going home. They will discover a personality obviously endowed with a bulldog's tenacity and indifference to public opinion, but selecting the cat as his favorite animal, and reading the cat's secret with a delicate perception beyond the power of all the judges in a cat-show; a personality receptive of all the arts, and especially of music, but at the same time one that has confronted battle, tumult, and massacre face to face, and has heard the Turkish soldiers shouting "Allah!" as they charged; a philosopher who knows reality; a politician who can also say:—

"In England we can afford to be free in the relatively unimportant sphere of politics, because no one really wants to be free in the larger matters of the mind."

Whether such an essayist writes of the "wargod's broom" or of the scullery broomstick, he will always be vital, and one hardly knows whether to like him best on the

problem if cats purr in solitude, or in wild scenes of Macedonian murder; in the tender irony of "Chopin Villa," or his analysis of courage in battle. It is always a shame to make extracts from so compact a work of art as an essay, but let us take one or two sentences at random—"Sprüche," as Germans would call them:—

"To write the biography of literary men is in itself an outrage."

"Any motive will inspire military courage, provided it be a motive which begets a sense of comradeship. The discovery of tyrants is that a uniform will serve as well as an idea."

"Human society aims at self-preservation, and finds its own devices for averting fundamental change. In England we invented the public school. In Russia they evolved the autocracy."

"In the battle against orthodoxy, it is longevity that wins. When the world fails to overwhelm the young rebel, it prepares itself to do honor to his grey hairs."

"He had struggled against tyranny, and I sometimes think that by no other activity can a man attain to the full stature of humanity."

Or, speaking of the gentle early Victorian lady who sought an outlet for her suppressed emotions in Chopin's music, he writes:—

"Twice a day to these exotic rhythms she played in waltz or mazurka her 'Over the hills and far away' with endless variations. But so gentle, so subtle, so little disturbing was the music, that she never, in fact, felt so much as an impulse to take the horse-bus into town."

Not behind in sympathies or in his own proper excellence, but otherwise differing in manner and life with a difference that shows itself in every line, is the author of "Studies in Arcady." The title is probably a reminiscence of Dr. Jessopp, and there is much in the substance of the essays to recall that aged wit and scholar. Mr. Gales is also a country parson, as Dr. Jessopp has now been for more than thirty years since his "retirement," and if all country parsons were like them, we should not hear much talk of Disestablishment in the villages. In both we find the same intimate and kindly knowledge of the country working people and their unexpected ways of looking at things. Take an instance or two from the same short essay:—

"The love-story of the King and Queen of Spain was followed with the keenest sympathy by, at any rate, the feminine portion of the whole village public. 'Dear me! she is seeing some life!' was the exclamation called forth by the pictorial representations of the Queen's first bull-fight."

"Nothing can shake their unalterable conviction that the ancient Romans were Roman Catholics. A moving description of the martyrdom of St. Alban called forth the remark, 'Dear me! To think them Catholics should have treated a poor Christian like that.'"

"She always spoke of a German band as 'the banditti.' German bands, by the way, are by no means popular in villages. They are disliked as alien, and there is, moreover, a rooted belief in all parts of England that they bring rain."

All the essays are full of that kindly humor, that careful observation, and an eagerness to preserve the vanishing beauty of old habits and beliefs before it is too late to preserve them. For relics of folk-lore, for racy phrases, proverbs, and turns of rural speech, Mr. Gales has more than a scholar's instinct. He has an artist's joy in them. He reads in them the imaginative history of times when the English people lay closer to the heart of nature and beheld the course of life in more romantic and brilliant lines. His essays on language, on dialects, and tradition are true lessons in the use of words and the secret of vivid expression. "His trumpeter's dead"—a phrase often used in reproof for bragging by the reviewer's nursemaids:—

"His trumpeter's dead" may still be heard in lonely farmhouses and where gossips meet in out-of-the-way market towns. It smacks of Petworth market day. . . . The three words are a picture in themselves, and form an amazing piece of evidence as to the vivacity of mind the 'common people' once possessed."

There one notices just the touch of regret that throws a little shadow over a volume otherwise so completely radiant and smiling. It is a regret, something like William Morris's, for the happy days before Puritanism slew the innocent merriment of the older church, and before the factory system turned out men as monotonous as pins or buttons, and as ignorant of the sweet influences of earth and sky. Mr. Gales belongs to the new order of clergy who would recover something of the blitheness that we imagine among the early Christians and in the finest medieval age. "Christmas Beer in Workhouses" is an essay that should be read

aloud to all Boards of Guardians in December. But, on the whole, the chapter on "Catholicism and Happiness" is the finest in the book, revealing the writer's personality most clearly and at its best:—

"So far as I am aware," he writes, "the awful spiritual anguish of those who imagined themselves reprobate, their despair of salvation, their terrible struggles to conjure up a sensible feeling of acceptance so often in vain, were miseries inflicted on mankind by Puritanism alone, and were unknown before the Reformation. We read of Bunyan wishing that he had been born a beast."

There must be thousands still living who wish that in their youth they had become acquainted with this type of mind, so learned, so human, and happily reasonable. What a difference even a printed book like this would have made to them; how many hours or years of mental torment it would have obviated or relieved!

SUMMER FICTION.

"The Ship of Coral." By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Members of the Family." By OWEN WISTER. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Suffragette Sally." By G. COLMORE. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"When the Red Gods Call." By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

"The Broken Phial." By PERCY WHITE. (Constable. 6s.)

"Midsummer Morn." By R. H. FORSTER. (John Long. 6s.)

"Nonsense Novels." By STEPHEN LAYCOCK. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN "The Ship of Coral" Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has not rivalled that deserved favorite of all sorts and conditions of readers, "The Blue Lagoon," but he has come near enough to give pleasure to all but the most exacting tastes. The story opens dramatically—perhaps a shade too dramatically—with the scene of the manslaughter of the castaway, Yves the Moco, by his Breton comrade, Gaspard. Mr. Stacpoole finds natural expression for his taste and sympathies in his graceful description of the perfume and color and charm of the picturesque city of Martinique before the earthquake, and his heroine, Marie, the beautiful *porteuse*, has the sweetness and innocence that all honest readers love to demand. Quite successful, too, is the sketch of the cold-blooded, dark-minded, perfidious *Sagesse*, the skipper of "La Belle Arlesienne," who tricks Gaspard of his share of the wonderful treasure of the sunken coral ship, and then maroons the unfortunate Breton. All this is worked out with the happy facility of an adept in the craft of telling a good story, and Mr. Stacpoole will certainly have enlarged the circle of his admirers by the creation of this picturesque tale.

We do not gather with certainty whether Mr. Owen Wister, the accomplished author of "The Virginian," is playing to the gallery in the extremely amateurish remarks on the "Art of Fiction" which he makes in his preface. "That gaseous shibboleth about Art for Art. . . Ben Jonson frequently was foul, and Anatole France frequently is," etc., are phrases perhaps designed to curry favor with the good American, but they make but poor bush for the concocted wine of the author's short stories. Mr. Owen Wister is no doubt happier in his creative than his critical moments, or he would scarcely have placed first "Happy Teeth," the poorest of his eight tales. Far better is "Extra Dry," a fresh and natural account of how poor Bellyful became a successful "road-agent," the American variant of our out-of-date "highwayman." All the stories are picturesque in coloring, easy in style, and clever in dialogue, and all are enjoyable, though Mr. Wister, as an artist, does not disdain the inferior technique of providential happenings, as we note in "The Gift Horse." Mr. Wister is, indeed, so shrewd a writer that he will not protest if we try him by the high standards he has himself set up in "The Virginian," and discharge him on the understanding that he is to come up for sentence when he produces his next volume of tales.

If we remember rightly, one of George Colmore's first novels was "Concerning Oliver Knox," produced twenty years or so ago, and it is interesting to compare that fictitious tragedy with the chronicle of hard, grim realities in "Suffragette Sally." We can scarcely conceive reading more wholesome and irritating for the ordinary man than these fifty chapters. Much that can be alleged against the attitude and behavior of the extreme propagandists of

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"Votes for Women" applies with equal point to the author's tone; yet her heroines have the root of the matter in them, despite the unconscious loading of the dice which brings them victory. The character drawing of the men, Mr. Bilkes, Mr. Cyril Race, Robbie Colquhoun, etc., shows no more malice than the occasion calls for; indeed, many people may object to the "restraint" of the author's tone and treatment, as indicating suppressed hysteria. The chapters on Suffragette Sally's experiences in the prison, where she was forcibly fed, are free from exaggeration, but here, as elsewhere, the author does not hold the scales with an impartial hand. To class this historic chronicle with "fiction" is a stroke of humor of fine quality, but as such, it may find its way into many hands that would otherwise never reach out to take it. The story should be on the shelves of every good Liberal, for there is ample matter contained in it for a searching examination of those doctrinal motives which are opportunistic, as well as those which are compounded of fears of compromise and of practical sense.

The stirring tale, "Where the Red Gods Call," of a white trader's life in New Guinea is a good example of how interesting fiction may be marred by a conventional plot. Miss Beatrice Grimshaw has gathered, possibly in her own travels, a good deal of information concerning the habits and customs of the ferocious cannibal tribes on the coast, and her descriptions of the natives of the Purari Delta and of the folk of Doravi when they are making the "Sempsi"—i.e., "a devil ceremony"—are calculated to make a missionary wake up at night and scream in his bed. The Red Gods are those who demand sacrifices from their worshippers, and the plot reaches its culmination when Stephanie, the Governor's daughter, who is in search of her bold and loving husband, arrives at Doravi and sees "something dripping into the river from under the wickerwork monster's stumpy limbs, something trickling down its hideous belly—staining the platform red." Of course, Hugh, the husband, turns up in the nick of time and rescues his little wife, and the trader, Worboise, from the hideous tortures that await them after their capture. The structure of the plot is poor and unnatural, but Miss Grimshaw shows such spirited and unconventional powers that we hope her second novel will give evidence of an adequate study of those models of fiction which English authors seem resolved to neglect to their own undoing.

It is pleasing to find that in the march of progress the slight recasting of the favorite rôles of the sexes is now being brought home to us by our popular novelists. It is not Joan, the youthful heroine, in Chamounix, but the hero, Walter Madrin, who introduces himself to us through the medium of a sprained ankle, and has to be succored and supported home. The mainstay of Mr. Percy White's story, however, is the surly, coarse tyrant of an uncle, the Squire, a terrible man, with a roar like that of an express train. We confess to a sneaking admiration for this old English figure, who can address his illustrious progenitors thus: "An ill-painted, scrubby lot; a pity they did not get themselves painted by good men! There used to be some good pictures, though. They came in useful!" The Squire, however, lets himself go once too often in abuse of his charming niece, and after "standing thundering above her, the froth about his cursing lips, from which obscene words shot like poisonous missiles," the old man sinks on to the carpet in a paroxysm of the heart. "At this point Joan should have saved her uncle's life by administering the 'drops,' but the phial slips through her fingers and smashes on the hearthstone before she has time to reject the horrible temptation." The whole story turns on her action and the purity of her motives, and Mr. Percy White scourges his lovely victim with the whips of remorse till Chapter XXXIII., when the wicked valet Vickers, is destroyed by a gigantic horse-chestnut tree, which crushes him in a squall. "The Broken Phial" makes capital holiday reading for all in search of a literary anodyne dashed with appetising bitters.

Mr. R. H. Forster's historical novels are new to us, but "Midsummer Morn" pleasantly recalls memories of happy days spent with writers of the romantic school who are scarcely known to the younger generation. Time: "The year 1598." Scene: The basin of the South Tyne, bounded by the rough moorlands and ridges of the Roman Wall country." Characters: "Sir Henry Fallowfield, Sir Ralph Avenell, their wives, families, and retainers." Action: "The

incursions of the Scottish rieviers, with a particular feud between the Liddlesdale men and the Bellingham people." At the first blush, our author's Victorian English seems scarcely adequate for the chronicling of customs and habits and ways of thought of this semi-feudal society; but sincerity counts for much, and no false note is struck from the first page to the last. The account of the fighting, the love-making, of the ups-and-downs of family fortunes, is vigorous and convincing, and if Mr. Forster fails in catching the fine shades of character and feeling, the public, which demands action and faithful local color, is not likely to be ungrateful. The author shows, indeed, patent limitations, but it is pleasing to encounter again the robust and homely virtues of a tale of the old-fashioned school.

Mr. Laycock has succeeded so admirably in his parody, No. IX., "Caroline's Christmas; or, the Inexplicable Infant," that we are a little surprised that he has condescended to the roaring burlesque of No. I., "Maddened by Mystery; or, the Defective Detective." Surely the point of parodying well-known authors should be so to imitate the style of each in turn, that the reader should be amused by the mental kinship impudently claimed by the parodist. In No. II., "Gertrude the Governess," and No. VII., "Hannah of the Highlands," the style is exaggerated beyond credence, and the grotesqueness of farce is substituted for the coolly comic spirit. No. VI., "Sorrrows of a Super Soul," is far more successful, perhaps because the original style of Miss M—C— is always on the verge of the ludicrous. A specimen may be given:—

"Later. To-day I told Otto that we must kill ourselves, that our love is so perfect that we have no right to live.

"At first he looked so strange.

"He suggested that I should kill myself first and that he should starve himself beside my grave.

"But I could not accept the sacrifice.

"I offered instead to help him to hang himself beside the river.

"He is to think it over. If he does not hang himself, he is to shoot himself.

"I have lent him my father's revolver.

"How grateful he looked when he took it."

A BUDGET OF NOVELS.

"Dreder's Daughter." By NETTA SYRETT. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

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"King Philip the Gay." By REGINALD TURNER. (Greening. 6s.)

"The Model Millionaire." By CORA MINNETT. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

"The Case of Letitia." By ALEXANDRA WATSON. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Joan of the Tower." By WARWICK DREEPING. (Cassell. 6s.)

"The Governor's Daughter." By NORMAN INNES. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

MISS SYRETT has returned to her best manner in "Dreder's Daughter," which contains many of the qualities that raised "The Child of Promise" distinctly above the average of the ordinary novel. It is full of wit and brilliance, it shows considerable grasp of human nature, and there is not a dull page or a platitude in it from beginning to end. Like the earlier book, it has for heroine a woman who has been brought up on an unworkable theory of life, and proves its futility to the entire and evident satisfaction of the author. Dreder's daughter—by the way, she is really somebody else's daughter all the while—is chosen at the age of seven to be the future wife of an earnest young squire, who is described by the frivolous young man of the book as looking "like an advertisement for a church publisher in league with the Ethical Society." When Nancy fulfils her destiny by becoming engaged to him, she calls it "being engaged to Providence," and nobody is surprised when the whole enterprise turns out a gigantic failure, and the unsuitable husband and wife pair off with more congenial partners, a conclusion that is largely brought about by the generosity of the older woman, Althea Jerningham, who is presented to us throughout the greater portion of the book as an object of ridicule. Miss Syrett's rather serious limitations are also apparent in her latest novel. We cannot help wishing that she could bring herself to present men and women thinkers of the day as something more than prigs or badly-dressed women. We can assure her that they are just as human as everybody else, that they do not wear

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spectacles unless they are short-sighted, and that some of them even have a sense of humor and a taste for frivolous amusements.

As an ironic study of the married woman who was a young girl just fifty years ago, "Mrs. Noakes" is a very careful piece of work. Not once does the author allow herself to preach about the position of woman or the limitations of the married state; she merely transcribes the life history of a young and ignorant girl who marries a dissolute and feckless young man with a handsome face, whom she never ceases to love, even when she finds him out; and the result is about as severe an indictment of the old narrow conception of marriage as any one could well imagine. There are little touches of real beauty, as in the account of the day spent by Mrs. Noakes before her baby is born; but, as a whole, the book is a depressing one. The woman learns nothing from the failure of her own married life, and brings up her girls as domestic drudges, forcing them to look upon marriage primarily as an escape, expecting them to clean their brother's boots while he sits idle by the fire. It is not surprising that the son should turn out a milksop and a failure, brought up on such a system; and the story of his marriage with a servant many years older than himself is a very horrible bit of realism. "In the East," says the author,

"Prodigals may find fathers to welcome them; but in the West the legion of the damned think of their mothers; and sometimes—very rarely, but still sometimes—they come back to them."

Up to the last, the woman loves the husband, who has run through her fortune and drunk and gambled his life away, leaving her to build up something out of the ruin he has made. "And such as Mrs. Noakes we have always with us," are the author's concluding words. It seems to us a rather unnecessarily hopeless generality.

"Young Mr. Gibbs" is an excellent piece of fooling. It is rather difficult to believe that such an exquisite *poseur* as Clarence Venning should not have been humorously aware of his own pose; but all the people who move round him as their centre are well within the picture, and none more so than the suburban clerk from Ealing, who comes to disturb the cultured circle and to strike alarm into the breast of Venning and his sister by occupying the place of prospective second husband to their mother, a delightful Mid-Victorian heroine of many Mid-Victorian adventures. Clarence, unable to take his sister's advice to "look upon mama as a relic, and she isn't so bad," yet finds that he lacks "that special courage that makes men own to their relations," and is even guilty of cutting her in the park. She is not to be ignored, however, when it comes to her encouragement of young Mr. Gibbs and his intolerable cockneyisms, and her outraged son conceives the desperate plan of introducing the dreadful young man from Ealing to his own special set, in order to divert his attention from old Mrs. Venning. The progress of this plot is the theme of the book; and anyone who looks to fiction for distraction of the lighter kind will find it without difficulty within the pages of Mrs. Victor Rickard's book.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Reginald Turner has not written his latest book with his tongue in his cheek. The discovery of Ruritania by Mr. Anthony Hope has had much to answer for; but if it is responsible for "King Philip the Gay" in any but a satirical sense, we can only wish that the author of "Cynthia's Damages" had left the Near East of modern romance alone. Mollavia is another of those small monarchies that seem to lie somewhere between the Danube and Fairyland, and it differs very little from all the others that have figured recently in romantic fiction. There is a disagreeable Prime Minister, over whom the King scores at every point; there is a beautiful young Queen; there is a Constitution for him to play with; and there are traitors who meet in dark corners and plot. Unlike Ruritania, however, Mollavia cannot produce the King's double; so Philip makes a delightful parody of the usual situation—we are sure it must be meant for a parody, and not for an original idea, entirely invented by Mr. Reginald Turner—by playing the part of his own double so successfully as to deceive his wife, to say nothing of his subjects and the disagreeable Prime Minister. In this way he brightens up the plot just where it needs brightening rather badly, and gives us a revolution in which King Philip is transformed from a gay monarch into a gallant hero and statesman. If all this is

meant for serious romance, it may please people who like to meet Mr. Lewis Waller in fiction; but it is a disappointment to those of us who think Mr. Turner can do better work, of which he gives us an indication, even here, in such characters as those of the Archduchess and Lord Arthur Berkeley. Especially good, too, is the old Ambassador, Sir Jonathan Pouncefleet, who "marked the periods of his life by the pretty women whom he had encountered during them. Thus, the Crimean War period was to him the period of the Princess Naporaxine. Not that he ignored the Crimean War: in a way he considered that he had engineered it from start to finish."

A good idea is wasted in "A Model Millionaire." The real millionaire is the bluff colonial we have met many times before, and in allowing himself to be reported dead in Australia when he is really alive all the while, he fulfils his proper function. The good idea lies in the conception of the poor journalist and his artist wife, who inherit the millions of the man who is not dead, and really make an interesting use of the money. "If a man can make millions out of men, why not make men out of millions?" asks the wife; and here is the idea that is wasted for want of the ability to write it down. It is impossible to take a writer seriously who talks about a big red motor that stands "panting at the white doorstep"; about a reclaimed burglar, who, knowing London "like a book"—it must be this kind of book—goes to Selfridge's and buys "an unassuming outfit" that instantly transforms him into a distinguished aristocrat; or about a love scene in which—

"She drifted towards the golden couch, with the pale-brown draperies clinging lovingly after her; and Dan, a human note of admiration in dark blue, followed."

The rather ordinary story of an innocent girl entrapped into a wretched marriage with a libertine is raised above the average of such stories, in "The Case of Letitia," by some excellent character drawing and by the restraint of the style in which it is written. Letitia herself is a very live human being, and so are the lesser characters of the book—Miss Penn and Aunt Susannah, Dr. Marcel and "The Boy." The bad husband is perhaps a little overdrawn, and so is the rough, patient lover, who waits until the last chapter for his reward; and Letitia's sacrifice of her lawful son to the jealousy of her second husband does not quite convince the reader. On the whole, however, novel readers will welcome the simplicity of a direct narrative that sets forth, without appearing to preach about it, the evils of allowing young girls to grow up ignorant of the facts of life.

There is really very little about the Tower, beyond an astonishing bad frontispiece, in "Joan of the Tower," a medieval romance of love and war, by Mr. Warwick Deeping. Joan is the usual haughty lady of such romances until she is humbled by adversity; and our faint hope that she is going to work out her destiny on rather more original lines, when she retires to her tower in the wall towards the end of the book, is speedily dispelled by the arrival of her lover in time to pick her out of the moat, into which she has flung herself in a fit of religious frenzy. After that, the story ends in the way such stories do end; and this is a little disappointing, for the hero, an escaped monk called Pelleas, is a very human and charming creature, deserving of a better fate, both from a literary and a romantic point of view, than that of making a happy ending to a story. Still, the story is a good one, and goes without dragging from the first chapter to the last. It should be popular among those who read mainly for distraction.

Those who think that the plot's the thing will find all they want in Mr. Norman Innes's historical romance. There is very little history in it, nothing, in fact, to fix the period of the setting in which it is placed, beyond the introduction of Frederick of Prussia at the very end of the book; but there is plenty of romance. With a spy for a hero, another spy for a heroine, and a beautiful, deceived lady for a third actor in the drama, the story is naturally one of gallant deeds, gallant repentance, woman's disdain and forgiveness; and the reader who does not care about distinction of style, or subtlety of character-drawing, will find it an easy one to read, and an admirable means of beguiling idle hours. The reader who does care about these other things had better avoid "The Governor's Daughter."

THE MOND NICKEL COMPANY.

Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P., presided on Thursday, the 6th inst., at the meeting of the Mond Nickel Company, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, drew attention to the principal variations therein, as compared with the figures of the previous year.

They would note on the asset side, he said, an increase of £27,000 in the mines, freehold and leasehold land in Ontario, and at Clydach. To a large extent that represented a concluding payment for a new mine which they had acquired in Ontario—a mine which, he might say, they were very pleased to have secured. Some of the money had also been spent on the acquisition of a site of 3,700 acres of freehold land for the erection of the new smelter referred to in the directors' report. The balance related to money expended in the purchase of land in Clydach, South Wales, for the erection of further cottages for their workmen.

The item of smelting and refining works in Ontario and Clydach, too, marked an increase of £58,453, practically all accounted for by the erection of a third unit at Clydach, which was nearly completed, and should come into operation in the coming months. On the credit side they would note that their profits, in which, after all they are most interested, were up by the satisfactory amount of £28,000.

Proceeding, the chairman said that last autumn, in company with Dr. Mohr, he paid a visit to the company's properties in Canada, and spent a considerable time in their inspection and in discussing matters with their staff. He could assure the shareholders that they were very satisfied with the result of their visit in every way, both with the development of their mining properties, which during the year under review had proceeded in an extremely favourable manner, and with the water power which they had installed there. The last had proved a very fine plant, and had saved them a large amount of money in working. Sir Alfred added further that personally he had been extremely pleased with the staff he had met in Canada. He thought it extremely creditable in a young country that it should turn out of its Universities as it did mining engineers who in technical and practical ability compared very favourably with those of any other country, and he was glad to feel that the interests of the company were safeguarded by such men.

One result of their visit, as they would note from the report, had been the acquisition of a very large site for the purpose of erecting a new and enlarged smelter. Their original smelter, which they had erected on the Victoria Mines, they had enlarged from time to time, but after careful study, they had come to the conclusion that it would be better to erect a new and modern plant, capable of considerable expansion in the future. They had found an ideal site, which nature seemed to have created for the purpose. They were on two railway systems, and would have competitive freights, and, further, as the bulk of their ore was being drawn from the Garson Mine, in place of the original, they would effect savings in freight which would almost cover the interest on the capital outlay.

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* * *

THE MONTHLY REVIEWS.

A list of the chief political articles in the monthly reviews for July includes "The Naval Outlook," by Sir William White, "The Constitutional Controversy and Federal Home Rule," by Mr. J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P., "The Insurance Bill, the Doctors, and National Policy," by Mr. Harry Roberts, and "The Despotism of the Labor Party," by Mr. Harold Cox, in the "Nineteenth Century"; "The New Spirit in America," by Professor L. T. Hobhouse, "Developments in Turkey," by Sir Edwin Pears, "Voluntary versus Compulsory Service," by Colonel F. N. Maude, and "The Declaration of London," by Mr. R. A. Patterson, in the "Contemporary Review"; "The Deadlock and its Remedies," by Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, "The Unionist Party and the Constitutional Crisis," by Mr. W. G. Howard Gritten, and "The Declaration of London," by Sir Thomas Barclay, M.P., in the "Fortnightly Review," and "The Police and the Public," by Mr. Edward Abinger, in the "English Review." Thackeray comes in for a good deal of notice in the literary articles. The Rev. H. J. Cheales contributes "A Fortnight with Thackeray in 1852" to the "Nineteenth Century"; Mr. Lewis Melville writes on "The Real Barry Lyndon" and Rowland Grey on "The Boys of Thackeray" in the "Fortnightly Review." Among other articles of interest are "Tolstoy's Farewell Message," by Dr. J. G. Tasker in the "Contemporary"; "Substance in Poetry," by Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., in the "English Review"; and "Count de Gobineau's Ethnological Theory" in the "Nineteenth Century."

The Week in the City.

	Price Monday morning, June 30.	Price Friday morning, July 7.
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THE report that the German Government had sent a gunboat to Morocco, with the inference that Germany intended to claim some portion of the country, caused severe liquidation early in the week on the Berlin and Paris Stock Exchanges, which, of course, affected London; and a pretty general decline took place in all classes of securities, from Consols to American Railways; Canadian Pacifics suffered especially in the depression. Heavy sales of American and Canadian securities took place in New York on Wednesday on account of London and Continental centres. The situation was cleared up, however, by the Prime Minister's statement in the House of Commons yesterday, and a sharp recovery took place. Money is again quite abundant, and the Bank is being paid off without difficulty.

THE INVESTMENT REGISTRY.

Severe criticisms of the methods and practices of the Investment Registry, which have appeared in "Truth" and some other papers, led some of the large shareholders of that institution to appoint a committee a few weeks ago.

The committee has lately made a report of the most laudatory character, and a special report couched in the same vein, which has been supplied to the committee by Lord Furness, is attached to the report. As a matter of fact, no one has questioned that the Investment Registry is a profitable undertaking. It could, therefore, hardly have been expected that a committee of large shareholders would make an unfavorable report on the methods it adopts in dealing with outside customers. One of the chief criticisms of Mr. Lowenfeld, who manages the Registry (with which is associated the "Financial Review of Reviews"), is that many of the stocks and bonds sold by the Registry cannot be valued in the ordinary way, because they are not quoted upon the Stock Exchange. The Registry professes to give its outside customers a greater security by means of what is called the geographical system of investment; but, as has been pointed out very frequently, the question for an investor is not where his securities are situated, but whether they are good and safe. Assuming that a company is sound and well conducted, it cannot be better situated than in the United Kingdom, and the chief object of going abroad is to get a higher rate of interest, which, of course, naturally attaches to an inferior class of security. I observe that "Truth" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" deny that the report really meets the criticisms made against the company; and "Truth" wonders that Lord Furness should report the Registry to have been "amply justified" in recommending such an investment as Chicago-Milwaukee Electric Railroad 5 per cent. first mortgage gold bonds—a concern which went into a receivership not long after its bonds had been recommended by the Registry as "a gilt-edged American investment." "Truth" further states that the Registry went on recommending Sunderland Tramway Debentures down to within six months of the appointment of a receiver. It is true that a good many persons well known in politics and society, are associated with Mr. Lowenfeld in the conduct of the Registry, but those who receive its circulars should certainly compare the criticisms made by "Truth," in its series of articles, with the report above alluded to. The advice given by Mr. Withers in his book on Stocks and Shares is to find a good broker, and when you have done so, buy through him securities for which there is a free market on the London Stock Exchange.

SHIPOWNERS' EARNINGS AND THE STRIKE.

The International Seamen's Union chose a strategic season for its threat to embarrass the world's ocean commerce and travel. Not only was the summer swing of tourist traffic at its crest, in response to the Coronation stimulus, but the international movement of emigration was large, and the shipment of international commodities heavy, both these latter being indices of a world-wide commercial and industrial recovery. Moreover, the strikers could urge that the ocean lines have lately enjoyed one of their most prosperous years. Though the contrast is with a rather protracted poverty, they appear, from their annual reports, to be nearer better able to advance wages than for many years past. The latest evidence is furnished by the International Mercantile Marine—the Morgan Steamship Trust which once flustered our Jingo Press when it gobbled up the White Star and made vain advances to the Cunard. This ocean combine, the one big Morgan promotion that failed through ungainly capitalisation, had several years of indifferent freight business, with a surplus of world-tonnage, and a keen competition in passenger traffic. Hence the 49 per cent of unpaid cumulative preferred dividends. But the trust made its very best showing in 1910. Its gross earnings (to quote a Boston paper) of \$38,073,000 was nearly the largest on record, running a close second to 1907; while, owing to recent economies and better administration, net earnings of \$8,298,000 were secured, against only \$4,695,000 last year, and against a former high record of \$7,024,000, also in 1907. This improvement holds true for all the transatlantic companies. For the 1908 and 1909 years, only one annual dividend was paid among the "big four" of the ocean—British, American, and the two German lines. All but the American went back to the dividend list in 1910, the Hamburg-American raising its rate from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent., the Cunard restoring the 5 per cent. omitted for two seasons, and the North German Lloyd declaring 3 per cent. after an equally long abstention.

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THE Saturday Westminster.

This week's issue will contain in addition to all
the regular features

When I Met Tolstoy.

By PRINCE BARITINSKY.

In the Graveyard.

By JIRO HIRADA.

The Recessional.

A SHORT STORY BY "SAKI."

Week-ends at Nesscombe.—No. VI. "Sweet William."

By STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

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Events of the Week.

ONE PENNY.

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REPORT

OF THE

Committee of Shareholders

OF THE

INVESTMENT REGISTRY,

LIMITED,

To the Shareholders and Customers of the Company.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.

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Vice Chairman: Lt.-Gen. E. DE BRATH, C.B., C.I.E.
 The Rt. Hon. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.
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 J. A. MOUSLEY, Esq.
 W. F. B. WARMAN, Esq.
 W. H. I. PRYER, Esq., J.P.
Secretary: G. P. FOADEN, Esq.

EXPERT ADVISERS TO THE COMMITTEE.

The Rt. Hon. LORD FURNES.
 SIR WILLIAM CRUMP.
 Messrs. WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INQUIRY was to report whether there was any foundation for the allegations made against the INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LTD., in a number of articles published by certain newspapers, and in a circular distributed by a former employé of the Company. Simultaneously we had to ascertain what investment results have been obtained by the Shareholders and Customers who have acted on the REGISTRY'S advice, and what relations exist between them and the REGISTRY.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMITTEE.—The most active customers of the REGISTRY are its First Preference Shareholders, who number over 1,000, and for whom the REGISTRY superintends upwards of £13,000,000 of invested capital. Every one of these was invited to serve on our Committee. From those who accepted the present Committee was constituted. The REGISTRY superintends for our members collectively £256,344 of capital, of which £256,066 is invested in the REGISTRY'S own issues. The value of our holding of INVESTMENT REGISTRY Shares is £950 only, our interest as Customers, therefore, largely predominates.

The entire records of the Company were unreservedly placed at our disposal, but the Directors stipulated that we should conform to their practice and treat all information affecting individuals as strictly confidential, and that Customers' records should be known by numbers only.

THE COMMITTEE'S PROCEDURE.—Our members were all unknown to one another previous to this inquiry. We commenced by making ourselves individually familiar with the working of every department of the REGISTRY. We secured independent expert advice from Lord Furness on matters of finance, from Sir William Crump on legal questions, and from Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney on matters of accountancy.

With the desire to open up every avenue of investigation, we invited the author of the circular already referred to, and the editors of certain newspapers, to place at our disposal the evidence upon which they had based their criticism. Our efforts in these directions only produced one witness, whose evidence we carefully considered.

Our inquiry embraced every part of the REGISTRY'S business, and extended over a period of six weeks. We especially investigated every point directly or indirectly raised by the Shareholders, Customers, the Press, and others. The Company's records enabled us to trace the history of every transaction.

THE RESULTS OF OUR INQUIRY ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

THE REGISTRAR'S BUSINESS CONNECTIONS.—The Company's business operations are more extensive than we had anticipated, and its opportunities for selecting desirable investments exceptional. The Registry superintends considerably over £30,000,000 of capital for its Shareholders and Customers. About one-half of this amount has been invested on the Company's recommendation. Of the total capital, the Customers own about five-eighths, and the Shareholders three-eighths.

THE RELATION OF THE REGISTRY TO ITS CLIENTS.—An examination of the general correspondence has convinced us that good relations exist between the Registry and its Clientele. Every Client was afforded an opportunity of submitting complaints or suggestions to us. Only twenty communications were received from the many thousands of the Registry's Clients, and every point raised in them was investigated.

THE INVESTMENT RESULTS OBTAINED.—In the large number of cases examined we find that, with very few exceptions, the effect of the Company's recommendations has been to improve the Client's investment position. Particulars were compiled from the Company's books, showing the names of all the investments purchased by Clients from the Registry during the past six years, their prices, and the aggregate amount purchased. The total number of individual investments dealt in has been so large that we found it necessary to limit our special inquiries to those securities which have been criticised, and to those of which an aggregate amount of £20,000 and

upwards has been sold to Clients. This selection comprises more than two-thirds of the total amount invested on the Company's advice. Of the remainder, only 14 per cent. is not interest-producing. Certain newspapers have criticised a limited number of the investments recommended by the Registry. In most of these the Clients' holdings are very small. We have carefully investigated these investments, and find that the Registry made full and careful inquiry before recommending them to its Customers, that it was justified in so recommending them.

The present total aggregate value of the investments (including the four unsatisfactory investments hereafter mentioned) sold by the Registry to its Clients during the past six years, in amounts aggregating £20,000 each and upwards, corresponds within 1 per cent. with the total aggregate sum at which they were sold by the Registry to its Clients. In striking contrast, Consols have fallen 12.60 per cent. during this period, and the general trend of other securities has been in the same direction.

The investments sold by the Registry are, in our opinion, sound; they produce an average yield of about 5 per cent., and great care and discrimination has been exercised in their selection. We submitted the particulars of them to Lord Furness for his examination and criticism. His Report, which is attached hereto, entirely confirms our own conclusions.

THE REGISTRAR'S OWN ISSUES.—We find that the stocks of which the whole amount has been issued by the Registry have produced the best investment results which the Registry has obtained. They have in every case met their engagements, and more than maintained their aggregate value. The precautionary measures adopted by the Registry in all issues are very complete, and we are satisfied that the issue of stock by the Registry is not detrimental to the interests of its Customers.

THE REGISTRY'S OTHER INVESTMENT RECOMMENDATIONS.—Although these were also selected with great care, very considerable fluctuations have taken place in some of them, and especially in those which are officially quoted. In the case of the Registry's own issues, no fluctuations of importance have taken place.

Of all securities sold by the Registry to an aggregate amount of £20,000 and upwards, only four have defaulted—viz.:—Buchanan and French Preferred Ordinary Shares. Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Bonds. Hudson River Electric Debentures. Sunderland District Tramways Debentures.

The holdings of these four stocks amount to less than 1 per cent. of the total holdings superintended by the Registry for its Clients. The Buchanan and French shares have resulted in a loss of about £20,000. The other three stocks are in course of reconstruction, and about one-third of the capital invested in them is likely to be lost. These losses, as already stated, have been taken into our calculation in arriving at the present total aggregate value of the investments recommended.

We have carefully investigated the circumstances under which the Registry recommended these four stocks, and have satisfied ourselves that the Registry was fully justified in the advice it gave, and that it has protected its Clients' interests in every possible way and at its own expense, since defaults have occurred. In this finding Lord Furness concurs.

LEGALITY OF THE INVESTMENTS RECOMMENDED AND PARTICULARS SUPPLIED TO INTENDING PURCHASERS.—We are advised by Sir William Crump that the Registry took every precaution to have the legal titles constituting investment issues carefully investigated, that it obtained independent expert valuations of the actual dealings, and that the Registry's recommendations to Clients have been invariably confined to concrete statements of fact, based upon documentary evidence. Sir William Crump's Report on these points is attached hereto.

MARKET FOR THE INVESTMENTS DEALT IN.—An examination of Customers' records has proved that a large number of dealings have taken place without the intervention of the Registry. We are satisfied that there is a normal market for the investments recommended by the Registry, that this market is independent of the Registry, and that it is assisted by Provincial Brokers. The dealings above referred to have been notified to the Registry by Clients for the purpose of rectifying their investment records. For many of the securities there is also a market abroad.

THE REGISTRY'S PERIODICAL VALUATIONS OF STOCKS.—We have caused Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney to compare the valuation prices which the Registry has placed against securities in its private reports to Clients, with the actual dealing prices which have been realised. We requested them to make the comparison for the year ending April 30th last, as our work commenced in May. Their report is attached hereto. The difference which it shows, in a small percentage of transactions, between the valuation prices and the actual dealings is accounted for by variations in quotations on foreign Exchange stamps, accrued interest, importing and other expenses. Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney's Report confirms our finding that the valuation prices have been correctly given by the Registry to its Clients.

INVESTMENT ADVICE.—We find that the Registry has advised its Customers strictly in accordance with the investment principles advocated in its publications, and that these principles are explained to intending Customers before any advice is given. No case has come under our notice in which a Client has been advised to sell securities which, if retained, would have fulfilled his expressed investment requirements.

CONCLUSION.—In conclusion we would add that we have been impressed by the general organisation of the Company's business and the efficiency of its Staff. Our investigation has not disclosed any feature which we consider to be detrimental to the Registry's Clientele.

Our inquiry suggests to us that:—

- (1) It would be in the interest of each individual Client to investigate for himself, as we have done, the system under which the business of the Registry is conducted.
- (2) The establishment of a permanent Committee of Shareholders would be advantageous. To this Committee questions affecting the relation between the Registry and its Clients could from time to time be referred.
- (3) A combination of the Shareholders and Customers of the Registry for the purpose of insuring against the risk of defaulting investments, organised on the lines adopted by Mutual Insurance Companies would further add to the protective measures already adopted by the Registry. Past experience indicates that a nominal premium would cover this risk.
- (4) It would be advantageous to convert the shares of the Company into share warrants to bearer.

There is in our opinion no justification whatever for the adverse criticisms which have been made against the Company. We hope that Shareholders and Customers will assist in dispelling the false impressions which these criticisms must have created.

We authorise the Directors to give this Report every publicity.

On behalf of the Committee,

(Signed) S. T. BUNNING, Chairman.

E. DE BRATH (Lt.-Genl.), Vice-Chairman.

Dated 29th June, 1911.

2, Waterloo-place, London, S.W.

Annexe No. 1.

Report of the Right Hon. Lord Furness to the Chairman of the Shareholders' Committee.

At the request of your Committee, I have carefully examined all the securities issued by the Investment Registry, Limited, during the past six years. They comprise 24 issues of Bonds and Debentures—three issues of Foreign Railway Preference Shares—and one issue of a Trading Company's Preference Shares (since redeemed). All the securities issued by the Registry have met their engagements. Their present aggregate value is greater than the aggregate price at which the Registry sold them to its customers, and their average yield, taken at the price at which they were sold to customers, is 5½ per cent. I am of opinion that all the issues made by the Registry are sound and solid securities, suitable for conservative investors who require first-class non-fluctuating securities yielding fully 5 per cent.

I have also examined those securities which the Registry bought from time to time, as and when required, for re-sale to its customers, and which number several hundreds. My investigation has been entirely restricted to those securities in which the customers of the Registry are interested to the extent of £20,000 and upwards. I find that these securities have been carefully investigated before being recommended, and that, with the exception of the four hereinafter mentioned, they are good investment securities.

The majority of the Bonds and Preference shares included under this heading are officially quoted either on British or Foreign Stock Exchanges, and some of them have naturally experienced fluctuations in price. Under these circumstances the investments bought in the open market and resold by the Registry have not produced quite as satisfactory results as the issues made by the Registry; but, when taken collectively, there has only been very slight depreciation in value, and this depreciation is much less than the general depreciation which has taken place in first-class investment securities during the same period. The average yield on the investments included in this category exceeds 4½ per cent.

I find that the particulars of investments which were supplied to intending purchasers when securities were recommended were invariably confined to statements of actual fact, based on official documents.

Lastly, at your particular request, I have examined the circumstances under which the Registry recommended the four securities previously referred to to its customers—viz.:—

Sunderland District Tramways 5 per Cent. Debentures.
Buchanan and French 6 per Cent. Preferred Ordinary shares.
Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad 5 per Cent. 1st Mortgage Gold Bonds.

Hudson River Electric 5 per Cent. Debentures.

I find that the Registry thoroughly investigated these propositions, that they took every reasonable precaution which could have been taken, and that they were amply justified by documentary evidence in recommending these investments to their customers. I am of opinion that the Registry subsequently spared no trouble or expense in protecting the interests of their customers in every possible manner.

June 14th, 1911.

(Signed) FURNESS.

Annexe No. 2.

Report of Sir William Crump, Addressed to the Chairman of the Shareholders' Committee.

Dear Sir,—In accordance with the instructions of the Committee I have been through the contracts and papers relating to the various securities issued by the Investment Registry, as per schedule attached to your letter of the 2nd instant, with the exception of the papers relating to the Globe Stores of Switzerland, the Lima Urban Railway Company, and the San Sebastian Nitrate, as I find these have all been paid off. I have also called for and received explanations from the officials of the Investment Registry, which have been freely given me on various points.

I am of opinion that—

1. The Investment Registry took due precaution to have the legal titles to the properties constituting these investments properly investigated before recommending them.

2. The Investment Registry produced to me sufficient commercial evidence to show that the titles to the properties constituting these investments are in order.

3. The Investment Registry has, where necessary, in all cases examined by me, employed competent experts to ascertain the value of the security offered.

4. The Investment Registry has, on its recommendations, properly described the investments as disclosed by the documents, and nothing so far as I can ascertain has been concealed in such recommendations.

In a number of cases they have insisted upon the appointment of one of their nominees as one of the Trustees or a Director to watch the interests of the investors. These protective measures were not referred to in the particulars given.

I should like to add that I have never in my long experience seen greater care taken to protect the interests of intending investors than the Investment Registry has taken with regard to the various securities, the documents relating to which have been produced to me.

If the Committee require any further legal explanations on any points, I shall be happy to attend any of their meetings and discuss same with them.

I return you the schedule initialled by me.

Yours truly,

(Signed) WM. J. CRUMP.

The Chairman,
Committee of Shareholders of
the Investment Registry, Limited.
June 13th, 1911.

Annexe No. 3.

Report of Messrs. Whinney, Smith & Whinney, Addressed to the Committee of Shareholders.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your instructions we have examined the books of the Investment Registry for the year ending 30th April last, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the monthly revaluation prices as fixed by the Company's officials are borne out by the purchases and sales affected by the Company during that period. We have had produced to us the monthly revaluation lists, which we are informed are the prices given to Clients on re-valuation of their holdings.

We find that the face value of the purchases and sales affected by the Company with its Clients and Brokers (other than original pur-

chases and public allotments) compare with the aforesaid monthly re-valuations as follows:—

Not exceeding 1 p.c. variation ...	92.37 p.c.	Deals at less than quoted price.	Deals at more than quoted price.
Exceeding 1 p.c. but not exceeding 1½ p.c.	1.59 p.c.	1.75 p.c.	1.75 p.c.
1½ p.c. ...	2 p.c.	1.36 p.c.	1.28 p.c.
2 p.c. ...	1.30 p.c.	0.48 p.c.	0.48 p.c.

Should you desire any further information we shall be happy to place our services at your disposal.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

(Signed) WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY.

June 23th, 1911.

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